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—THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Wednesday, the 17th day of Feb. 1858; THOMAS DAKIN, Esq., in the chair;  
The Chairman in the course of his address to the Meeting drew the attention of the members to a recent decision in the case of another insurance office, to the effect that, in the event of the death of the assured within the thirty days of grace allowed by the office, the premium being unpaid, the policy becomes forfeited, and the directors are not bound to receive the premium, and stated that the policies of the Mutual were so framed as to put it out of the power of the directors to raise such a question, and the solicitor gave to the meeting a decided opinion to the same effect; nevertheless, in order to avoid the possibility of question, it was moved and seconded, and resolved,—

That the following supplementary addition be made to Law No. 5, section No. 2, in the Deed of Settlement of this Society in explanation thereof:—

"And it is further provided that if any life assured in this Society shall die after the date on which the premium on the policy shall become payable, but within and before the expiration of 30 days thereafter, and the premium shall be paid within and before the expiration of the said 30 days, then the amount of such policy shall be paid to the parties entitled to receive it the same as if the premium had been paid on the day specified in the policy for the payment thereof; but this is not to limit the powers with respect to the revival of policies or the payment of claims already vested in the Directors."

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VERITAS.—Your letter has been received and shall be forwarded.  
ERRATUM.—In our last number, in a notice of Mr. Harvey's new edition of *Irenæus*, the name of "Tertullian" has been two or three times inadvertently used for that of "Irenæus."

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

## ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ALTHOUGH this is not the proper place for political discussions, we think that we may almost claim the notable event which has just convulsed the political world as a literary topic. Was it not about a letter that the quarrel arose? Two letters in fact: one which was offensive because written, and the other because not written. At any rate, the extrusion of the late Premier's measure, and the events consequent upon that, promise to leave marks not only upon the history of the world, but also upon that of letters. The ups and downs of political life have now, by curious chance, thrown two novelists into office; so that enthusiasts need not despair of some day or other seeing a parallel to the curious phenomenon realised in France, when a poet took the helm of state, and the crew was almost entirely composed of literary gentlemen. It remains, however, to be seen whether the author of "Coningsby" has made much improvement in Political Economy since the rejection of his last budget; and what particular part in the ministry is to be occupied by the clever Knight of Knebworth has not yet been decided.

There have been some curious appeals to history during the fierce storm of debate which has just swept over our heads, and the extremely unsatisfactory nature of some of the conclusions arrived at suggests the need of the schoolmaster at home as well as abroad, and prove that some honourable members are not very well drilled by their literary secretaries before they get upon their legs to speak in the Commons, or sit down to write to the *Times*. What could Lord PALMERSTON mean by denying that CANTILLON's legacy had been paid by the BONAPARTE family, principal and interest? How could he presume, not only to deny a fact as notorious as the death of NAPOLEON himself, but to use violent and insulting words towards the amiable and highly accomplished member for Perthshire in doing so? In Paris such language would have led to a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne; in Washington, to a stand-up fight on the floor of Congress Hall;—we are happy to say that, with all our constitutional and social deficiencies, here it led to a happier result; for Mr. STIRLING simply walked to the Athenæum Club, and there directed a temperate and convincing pamphlet, convicting Lord PALMERSTON of that very inaccuracy and intemperateness of which he had most unjustly accused him. In this country there is much of that admirable phlegm which characterised the answer of Professor SEDGWICK when he was arguing against duelling, and a youngster thought to pose him by asking what he would do if a man told him he lied. "Ask him to prove it," replied the philosopher; "if he succeeded I should be a liar, if not, he would be one."

Another curious historical blunder was the obstinacy with which honourable members insisted upon holding up to Lord CLARENDON the despatch of Lord HAWKESBURY in answer to NAPOLEON I. as a model which he should have followed. The fact was, that that despatch, although it certainly contained more high-sounding phrases, made more degrading concessions to the proven enemy of England than ever Lord PALMERSTON contemplated offering to the man who, with all his faults, has hitherto been nothing but a loyal ally.

The quotations, moreover, with which the speeches were thickly seasoned, discover a deplorable want of culture among our legislators. That that fine old fossil, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*" of the barons should make its appearance was excusable upon such an occasion; but that Sir R. BETHELL should once more drag "the well-graced actor" upon the stage exceeds even the privilege to be commonplace which belongs to a Chancery barrister. The fact is, that there is a fine opening in literature for any young gentleman fresh from college, who has spare time upon his hands. Let him ransack the classics (always excepting HORACE, every line of whom is trite by this time), and also some of the more recon-

dite Latin writers, such as the Fathers, ERASMUS (not forgetting the "*Laws Stultitiæ*"), and the middle-age political writers, and then form a new dictionary of apt quotations, for *impromptu* use, fitted for debates, and indexed with reference to subjects to which they are especially apposite. Print it for private circulation, dedicate it to Mr. DISRAELI, whose celebrated panegyric upon the late Duke of WELLINGTON proves his love of inverted commas, and, our word upon it, it would be a profitable speculation. Is there no writer in the *Saturday Review* who will see to this?

We are glad to find that our friends on the other side of the Atlantic are at length bestirring themselves to do an act of tardy justice; they are actually *talking* about a copyright treaty, and there are even hopes that some fine day or other something will be done. Of course they are setting about it their own way, and equally of course that way is a peculiar one. It is proposed by Lord NAPIER's draught treaty that it shall continue in force for five years, but that the copyright shall run ten years, "though on this point," says the *The American Publishers' Circular*, "his lordship would say seven, or even five years, if the Administration should object to a greater length of time." This is, of course, better than nothing, and we are not the sort of folk to quarrel with half a loaf because we cannot get a whole one. Some of the disputants who have taken up the subject have broached views which are to us quite new. There is a Mr. GOODRICH, for instance, who, in his "*Recollections of a Lifetime*," starts the novel theory that the depredations of the English upon the Americans have been really more numerous and serious than any of which we have to complain. This is novel certainly. Another writer tells us that we might have had a copyright treaty long ago if Mr. DICKENS had not published his "*American Notes*." Supposing that such an absurdity as this could be gravely treated, only see the undignified position into which this writer would thrust his own nation. How childish, and, at the same time, how unjust, to refuse to do an act of common justice towards a large body of men, because one of them has written a smart book. That the American press is itself beginning to feel the pinch of the shoe is clear from the following significant note, which we have cut from a useful periodical called the *American Agriculturist*:

## [COPYRIGHT SECURED.]

Entered in 1858, in Southern District of New York.

SPECIAL NOTE TO EDITORS.—As a last resort against certain inveterate *poachers* who draw constantly upon this journal for original articles and illustrations *without giving a shadow of credit*, it has become necessary to copyright the numbers. The matter of these pages is nearly all ORIGINAL, much of it being procured at high rates, and the proprietor will continue to secure the best practical editorial talent in the country, at whatever cost.

\* \* Let it be understood, however, that each and every Journal is invited to freely copy, with credit, at any and all times, such articles as may be thought desirable; and the proprietor hereby agrees to, in no case, avail himself of the advantage of, or make any use of the copyright, where any article or illustration taken from this journal is duly credited to the *American Agriculturist*.—ORANGE JUDD, Proprietor.

In our summary of literary notes, a few significant lines will be found respecting the repressive measures under which the French press is now suffering. We hear of journals suspended and suppressed. Under these circumstances, it is pleasant to hear of journals being born, and to find that all sparks of vitality are not completely trodden out, however deep among the embers they may be hidden. With what welcome, therefore, did we greet the appearance of a new-comer, fair to look upon so far as type and paper are concerned, and bearing such an inspiring name as *Le Reveil*. Here, indeed, said we, is some sign that Liberty is not dead, Intelligence not wholly crushed, and we blessed the emblem of promise which the new-comer bore upon its front—an angel soaring on mighty wings, glory round her head, a spirit-stirring trumpet to her mouth, and scattering crowns of laurel to the nations thronging to her inspiring call. But stay—it does not do to be rapturous in these days of disillusion—what name is this beneath the folds of the angel's garment! Can it be possible! or do our eyes deceive us when we read the well-known name of GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC,—the apologist of the Empire, the eulogist of the heroic deeds of Dec. 1851, the literary *employé* (in plain English we call it *hack*) of the EMPEROR. It is but too true. *Le Reveil* is,

after all, an awakening unto death: we are roused up from a hideous nightmare, to find the men in black crape around our bed, and the dagger and stiletto at our breast. And now to find out the meaning of this new-comer, for assuredly it has some. The articles are upon various subjects, and are, of course, signed. The name of GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC appears not only as *Redacteur en Chef*—chief editor—but at the foot of the first essay, which is styled "*La Littérature des Boulevards*." To all appearance this is as commonplace a piece of writing as need be, yet chatty and discursive. M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, deputy to the Legislative Body, has been studying the literature of the Boulevards, as it manifests itself upon those theatres on the Boulevards which are most frequented by the people. The number of these theatres, he opines, is "excessive and dangerous;" they must be repressed. "It is unreasonable," he admits, "to refuse *lawful*, intelligent, and literary distractions to the people of Paris," but consider how late people sit up who go to theatres, and how much money they spend. No less than twelve or thirteen millions of francs are annually wasted upon theatres. M. GRANIER does not give utterance to the thought; but we have no doubt that he would consider the money much better disposed of if it were invested in the *Crédit Mobilier*. Look, says he, at the rustics, how early they go to bed. That it is that makes them healthy, and "such good soldiers." It is time, thinks M. GRANIER, that the EMPEROR should look to it—"that man of genius, who presides over the destinies of this new society, himself the issue of the revolution of '89, knows too well that order reposes upon the good conduct of all, to wish that any should go astray, even in their pleasures." Bravo, M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC! Most worthy art thou to be a deputy to the Legislative Body! The next article is called "*Les Etablies d'Augias*," under which denomination the Académie des Beaux Arts is very roughly attacked. DAVID VERNET and the other painters of the first empire are the Michael Angeloes, the Raphaels of Art. It is by M. THÉOPHILE SILVESTRE, who omits no opportunity of eulogising the military exploits of the great NAPOLEON. At the restoration of the Bourbons, opines this writer, all true art disappeared, and the Academy, by the accumulation of filth which filled it, became a second stables of Augias, and is so now, waiting to be cleansed "by the potent hand of Hercules." Bravo, M. THÉOPHILE SILVESTRE! The next thing we come to is a dramatic criticism—a disquisition upon M. AUGIER's comedy, "*La Jeunesse*." It is by M. A. DE LAUZIERES, and abuses M. AUGIER roundly for having indulged in too many invectives against "society." To describe the next article, the only appropriate word that we can discover for the purpose is "queer." It is the most negatively comic production we have ever met with. In it, M. ESUDIER gives a list of the greatest painters and writers of the day, arranged according to his estimation of their relative excellence. The list of painters is curious enough, for in it the nerveless, colourless, flabby INGRES takes precedence of everybody—of VERNET, DELACROIX, SCHEFFER, DECAMPS. WINTERHALTER is in the list, but MEISSONNIER and ROSA BONHEUR are not so much as named. But if this be queer, the list of *littérateurs* is queerer still. It contains exactly twenty-one names, and when we observe that such writers as THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, JULES JANIN, and a certain (but to us unknown) M. G. FLAUBERT find a place, it strikes one as odd that France has only twenty-one good writers to boast of. But whom, think ye, is the chieftain of this brilliant band? A century spent in guessing would hardly supply the answer; for it is none other than the great PONSARD himself—the never-to-be-forgotten inventor of "*le bon Williams*." After this, of course, nothing is surprising. When a man is stunned by a sudden blow small kicks come harmless, and we can bear to find Monsieur SCRIBE set above VICTOR HUGO, Monsieur GAUTIER above BÉRANGER, and Monsieur DUMAS the younger above GEORGE SAND. A subsequent article is devoted to a consideration of the present state of "Manners and Literature in England." It is by a M. LÉO DE NEULSORT, and in this curious production the spirit of *Le Reveil* evidently culminates to a point. There are, in France, says this writer, many opinions about England; some admire her, and some depreciate her; some hold her to be unconquerable; some, "still drunk with the parlia-

mentary orgy, behold in the House of Commons the palladium of European life; whilst others, more excusable, yet bear within their hearts the glorious complainings from Saint Helena:—and, again, “some see in SHAKESPEARE the god of poesy, and in DICKENS the master of modern romancers;—others find the author of ‘Macbeth’ a fool, more obscure than sublime, and the author of ‘Nicolas (sic) Nickleby’ an eccentric type of the British originals, who are so much laughed at in Paris.” Now, the truth, M. DE NEULSORT assures us, lies in the golden mean between these diverse opinions. London is “neither a divine temple nor a bad place; the English are neither angels nor devils.” It is difficult to understand the English, they are so reserved; but M. DE NEULSORT assures us that he has studied them closely, and proceeds to give the result of his investigations. The great difference between French and English society is, that in the former all men are equal, and that in the latter it is not so. In France every plebeian may rise to honour, but in England Sir HAVELOCK and Lord MACAULAY are only exceptions which prove the rule. It is the pride of the aristocracy which oppresses England. The QUEEN knows nothing of her people. “But, oh Sovereign! oh Victoria!” cries M. DE NEULSORT, “go then, go to Pentonville, to Bermondsey, go even to Soho!” and in a note he proceeds to inform his readers that Soho is a populous quarter of London. The remaining space of *Le Reveil* is occupied with short paragraphs—“Le Cour et la Ville”—“Actualités.” Some of these are curious. One records that the Emperor has presented the twenty-eight lancers, who escorted them to the Opera on the 14th of January, with a gold watch and chain each. After this description of its contents we need not make any further attempt to penetrate the nature of *Le Reveil*. Among its contributors are several members of the Académie—some of the best specimens of that enlightened civilisation of which Paris assumes to be the centre.

The decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD, in the case of *Spiers v. Contanseau*, is, doubtless, perfectly consistent with the principles of equity, but it neither adds anything to the popular knowledge upon that very obscure subject, the law of copyright, nor will it satisfy either of the litigants concerned. The fact is, as we have before pointed out, it is difficult to give a copyright to a dictionary. To a preface you may, or to an article in an encyclopædia; but how can a man claim an exclusive right to the definition of a word? Mr. SPIERS is, no doubt, in a very unfortunate position. After years of hard and conscientious labour, he has produced a really excellent work; another man steps in, makes a free use of SPIERS (so says the VICE-CHANCELLOR), and by publishing his dictionary in a more handy form and at a cheaper price, reaps a large share, if not all the profit. It is hard; but what Mr. SPIERS has to do, is to bring out his dictionary in a form equally cheap and convenient. John Bull has a natural love of fair play, and will do his best to see justice done. Moreover, it was proved by Mr. DELILLE, and other very competent judges, that Mr. SPIERS' dictionary is greatly superior to that of M. CONTANSEAU. The VICE-CHANCELLOR himself declared that he had never seen a better. There can be no doubt, therefore, which of the two scholars will prefer. In all this, it should be observed, that nothing can be said against M. CONTANSEAU's publishers in the matter. They could not balance the account of obligations which exist between rival dictionary-makers: they had a dictionary offered them; they took competent advice upon it; and upon receiving a favourable opinion, they accepted it. More they could not do.

We are glad to find that the *Saturday Review* (whose opinion is certainly valuable upon such matters) has pronounced against the A.A. degree. Cambridge has determined to hold out. The reason given by the *Saturday Review* is, however, scarcely so satisfactory as the conclusion arrived at. As Coleridge used to say to a lady whose intuitive wit was better than her logic, “I like your opinion better than your reasons.” The *Saturday Review* objects to the degree, because it may be conferred upon unworthy objects! “What,” asks the reviewer, “is to hinder the words, ‘certificated by the University of Cambridge,’ from drawing clients to thievish pettifoggers, or patients to murderous quacks; from smoothing the way for the social aspirations of Mr. Tawell, or giving Mr. Palmer a favourable

introduction to Mr. Cook?” What, indeed? Or what is to prevent even B.A., M.A., or even D.D., from being so desecrated? Without going back to the time when a Doctor of Divinity was hanged for forgery, we think it would not be difficult to show that even graduates of the University of Cambridge have held up their hands in the felon's dock. Yet such men do not disgrace their degree any more than they disgrace humanity, which, in spite of all that knowledge can give and education bestow, is apt to be enthralled by passions the most degrading and brutal.

The obituary of the week includes the names of two men better known in Oxford than elsewhere—the Warden of All Souls and the Canon of Christ Church. Mr. SNEYD's title to fame rests upon having been a very cultivated and refined gentleman, who presided over the most aristocratic college in Oxford for thirty years. Dr. BULL was a remarkable man, for, although born the son of an Oxford tradesman, he not only contrived to rise to distinction in that University, but to acquire lucrative preferments in Northamptonshire, Exeter, and York; for in addition to his canonship of Christ Church, he was Vicar of Stareton, Canon of Exeter Cathedral, and Prebend of York Minster. It is a curious fact in connection with the practical value of these comfortable college places, that neither of these accomplished and highly-educated gentlemen has found leisure, during a University career of half a century, to make one abiding addition to the literature of his country.

Every haunter of book-stalls—and what true lover of books is not fond of that sport which the French describe in a single word, *bouquiner*?—has experienced the pleasure of suddenly discovering some choice rarity in an unexpected manner. Something of this was felt by ourselves upon finding a *rarissimus*, nay, we believe unique copy of a little volume of epigrams, and a translation of Ovid's “Elegies,” by CHRISTOPHER MARLOVE. It was in a catalogue of old books issued by Mr. F. G. TOMLINS that this treasure lay hid, and, among other curious features, the book comes especially recommended from containing a sonnet by BEN JONSON hitherto unknown. Mr. TOMLINS, who has lately joined the honourable craft of biblioplists, is a gentleman who has long been known in the literary world and upon the press, both as the author of an excellent history of England and as a journalist. He has even had his triumphs in the higher walks of the drama. Our French intelligence communicates the interesting fact that ALPHONSE KARR has lately taken to selling fruits and flowers; Mr. TOMLINS does better, for he vends the fruits and flowers of those fields in which he has long and honourably laboured. In his catalogue, which contains the result of many years private collection, will be found much of the greatest interest to collectors.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to remarks which they will find elsewhere in our columns upon the competition for the Great Exhibition Memorial now taking place in the South Kensington Museum. They are no more than are called for by the facts, for a more flagrant case of official interference never came within our knowledge. The statement may be relied upon, and as the designs are now open to public exhibition, the reader, who has the opportunity, may judge for himself. We also respectfully invite the attention of those who believe that every French gentleman who resides in this country, and whose opinions do not coincide with the present régime, has nothing better to occupy his time than plots and conspiracies, to another communication upon a musical subject, signed by the accomplished author of “The Life of Handel.” In that calm and philosophical disquisition we discover abundant evidence of the scholar, of the man who has washed his mind of politics, and is purifying it in elegant and refined studies, but nothing at all of the conspirator. L.

#### PROGRESS OF COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY IN 1857.

A VALUED correspondent supplies us with some valuable notes as to the progress of Comparative Philology in 1857, during which a great and steady progress, especially in the branch called Linguistics, is noticeable. In the front rank of the European labourers in this interesting field, we find the Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE, who, since our last report of his labours, has added another volume to his Basque Gospel Polyglott, under the title of—

El Evangelio | Segun | San Mateo | Traducido | al Vascuence, Dialecto Vizcaino | Por | El P. Fr. JOSE ANTONIO DE URIARTE | Para el Principe LUIS-LUCIANO BONAPARTE | Londres | 1857.

Of this volume (pp. 154, 8vo) only eleven copies were printed, numbered and bearing the names of their owners on the first page, with the exception of two, one of which is printed on larger and stouter paper.

This volume was followed by the translation of the Apocalypse into the same Basque dialect, by the same translator, under the title of—

El Apocalipsis | Del Apostol San Juan | Traducido al Vascuence | Dialecto Vizcaino, | Por El P. Fr. JOSE ANTONIO DE URIARTE, | Para El | Principe LUIS-LUCIANO BONAPARTE, | Londres | 1857.

A volume (24mo, pp. 134) of which only fifty-one copies were printed, one on thick paper. The next volume published by the Prince consists of Basque Conversations, and is, no doubt, for purposes of practical acquaintanceship with the language, the most valuable and useful contribution to Basque Philology of modern times. The title is—

Dialogues Basques : Guipuscoans, Biscalens; Labourdins, Souletins; Par Par Don A. P. ITURRIAGA. M. Le Cap. J. DUVOISIN. Le P. J. A. DE URIARTE. M. L'Abbé INCHAUSPE. Accompagnés de deux traductions, espagnole et française. 1857. Londres. 1857.

Size oblong, 8vo., pp. 122, 3 columns.

In addition to these Basque volumes we may soon expect a polyglott of the “Children in the Furnace” in at least eleven varieties of the Basque language, lately collected by the Prince on the spot.

The other volumes published by Prince BONAPARTE in 1857 are, first:

Aviel | Revé | St. Maheu, | Troeit é Brehonez Guénet, | Dré | Christoll Terrien, | Guenedieg ag er gexer a Loch-Ryan, | Morbihan, | Lundayn, | 1857. 24mo. pp. 130. 250 copies printed, and one on thick paper. A translation of the Gospel of Matthew into the Vanneteuse dialect of the Breton language.

Second:

The | Book of Psalms | in | Lowland Scotch: | From the authorised English Version. | By | Henry Scott Riddell. | London: 1857. | 8vo. pp. 148. [250 copies printed, and one on thick paper.]

The following works are now passing through the press of the Prince:—“The Song of Songs,” translated into Lowland Scotch by Mr. Riddell—the same in the eight principal dialects of the English language—the “Book of Ruth in the Cumberland Dialect”—the “Gospel of Matthew,” translated into the Logudoro dialect of Sardinia by Mr. Spano, already favourably known by his Sardinian Dictionary. The translation of the Gospel of Matthew into the Frisian language, which some time ago we mentioned as in preparation, is not published yet (owing to some peculiar difficulties in the mechanical production). Two specimens are, however, printed and before us, under the following titles:

Evangelii Mathæi | Caput Primum | In | Linguam Neo-Frisicam | Translatum a | J. H. Halbertsma. | London: | 1857. 8 pages 12mo. Halberstadt of Chapter I., verses 1 to 25.

Evangelii Mathæi—Caput II. | In | Linguam Neo-Frisicam | Translatum a | J. H. Halbertsma. | Londini: | 1857. 10 pages 12mo., being translation of Chapter II., verses 1 to 23.

In connection with Prince BONAPARTE's Basque studies, we must mention as in preparation by Mr. P. A. BOUDARD, of Beziers—already favourably known to the learned world by his “Etudes Ibéennes”—“Numismatique Ibéenne précédée de Recherches sur l'Alphabet et la Langue des Ibères,” in which an attempt is being made to establish the identity of the ancient Iberian and the Basque language.

The next work claiming our attention is a collection of vocabularies, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Early English, down to the end of the 15th century, from MSS. in private as well as in public collections. It contains, among many other things, the treatise de *Utensiliis* of ALEXANDER NECKAM, the Dictionaries of JOHN DE GARLAND, and the Metrical French Vocabulary of WALTER DE BIBLESWORTH. They are valuable not only for philologists, and as illustrations of the history of education, but for the interesting light they throw upon the contemporaneous manners and the condition of society. The volume is most ably edited by Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, whose excellent introduction and notes will make it a most welcome one to every Englishman desirous of making himself acquainted

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with the manners and customs of his forefathers. The volume is printed at the expense of Mr. JOSEPH MAYER, of Liverpool, and it is understood to be his design to publish at intervals a series of volumes on the national antiquities of his country, of which this volume of mediæval vocabularies is one. Mr. MAYER's love of antiquarian and historical science cannot enough be commended, and the public spirit which led him to the formation of one of the most extraordinary museums of antiquities in existence, which it is understood to be his intention to give to the town of Liverpool as a permanent benefit to the public, is above praise.

Mr. MAYER has, in the case of the volume before us, by printing only 200 copies for private distribution, marred the effect of his own liberality, and confined to the few the usefulness of a work which would be welcomed by every Englishman. Mr. MAYER will indeed do a good work if he soon reprints the volume in a less expensive form, so that a majority of his countrymen may partake of his liberality. And now at the end, what we ought to have commenced with, the title—"A Volume of Vocabularies, illustrating the condition and manners of our forefathers, as well as the history of the forms of elementary education and of the languages spoken in this island, from the tenth century to the fifteenth. Edited from MSS. in public and private collections, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A."

In passing from European to American linguistics, an uncommon interest is observable in this hitherto much-neglected field of philology. The most striking publication in this department is the Abbé BRASSEUR DE BOURBOURG's "Histoire des Nations Civilisées du Mexique et de l'Amérique Centrale," to be completed in four vols., of which two are out. The Abbé has lived for two years in the State of Guatemala as *cure* to the Indians of Rabinal. Enthusiastic, and well prepared by the studies of Mexican and Central American antiquities, he has gained a practical acquaintance with the Maya, Kachiquel, Quiché, &c., languages, has collected the legends and traditions of the Indians, reduced to writing several of their Bailes, and discovered the most curious documents, native and early Spanish. Out of these materials he has reconstructed the Anti-Columbian History of those parts of the world, and his performance is altogether one of the most remarkable and curious of our epoch. However, the chief interest of the work for our present object is in its linguistic portions, and we direct more particular attention to pages 44 to end of the introduction, as being a most lucid explanation of Mexican picture-writing. It is chiefly taken from an unpublished memoir on the picture-writing of the ancient Mexicans by M. AUBIN, of Paris, probably the only living man who possesses a thorough knowledge of the Mexican language. M. AUBIN possesses a collection of literary and historical documents relating to the Aztec empire, which is unequalled by any other collection in the world, including among its number the long-lost collections made in the last century by the Chevalier BOTURINI BENADUCCI. M. AUBIN is now preparing his documents for publication, and we have no hesitation in stating that all the documents contained in the large work of Lord KINGSBOROUGH are far from equalling even the small portion which M. AUBIN will soon make public. In addition to this article on picture-writing, the Abbé's work contains a good deal of information about all the different languages spoken in Central America, and more may be expected in the concluding volumes.

Another work of considerable pretension is an edition of an Aztec Codex, a translation by BERNARD SAHAGUN (a Spanish monk, who accompanied Cortes to Anahuac) of the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, &c., into the Aztec language, edited by a learned Milanese, BERNARDINO BIONDELLI. The editor has added an introduction, a Latin translation, notes, and a glossary; and hopes by the clearest evidence to prove to the world the affinity of the Aztec language with the Indo-European family of languages. The full title of the work is as follows:—"Evangelium Epistoliarum et Lectionarium Aztecum sive Mexicanum ex Antiquo Codice Mexicano nuper reperto de promptum cum præfatione interpretatione, adnotationibus, glossariis. Edidit BERNARDINUS BIONDELLI." The work will be published in five folio parts, the first of which is now out.

Quite a number of interesting vocabularies of Indian languages are given in the third volume

of the Reports of Explorations and Surveys to ascertain the most practical and economical route for a railway from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. They were collected by Lieutenant A. W. WHIFFLE, and classified, with accompanying remarks, by Professor WM. W. TURNER. The collection comprises vocabularies of the following languages:—Delaware; Shawnee; Choctaw; Kichai; Hueco; Caddo; Comanche; Chemehuevi; Cahullo; Kechi; Netela; Kizh; Kioway; Navajo; Pinal-Leno; Hudson's Bay; Chepewyan; Dog-Rib; Tacully; Umkwa; Hoopah; Kiwomi; Cochitimi; Acoma; Zuni; Pima; Yuma; Cuchan; Coco; Maricopa; Mojave; Diegeno. A very useful book for students of American languages is the volume lately published by M. TRÜBNER, under the title of the "Literature of American Aboriginal Linguistics," but as it is noticed in full in the CRITIC of December 2, we need not here discuss its merits.

African philology has, in 1857, been enriched by the following works:—First, East African languages. A German missionary of the name of HAHN has published a very copious grammar of the Herero language. It is issued at Berlin, under the auspices of Professors BORP and LEPsius. Captain RICHARD BURTON has treated of the same language in the Appendix to his "Travels in Eastern Africa." Lieutenant RIGBY, of the Bombay Artillery, has published a Grammar of the Somaui language, in the "Transactions of the Bombay Geographical Society." On the North African (Berber) dialects a very able report has been read at a meeting of the Paris Academy by M. REINAUD. It is based upon the researches of M. GESLIN in Algeria, whose MSS. are now in the hands of the French Minister of War.

Sir GEORGE GREY, the Governor of the Cape Colony, is now at work with Dr. BLEEK on a comprehensive work on the African languages, the first portion of which, devoted to South African languages, will be out in a few weeks. We have also now before us a Grammar of the Namaqua language, by a German missionary of the name of WATTMANN, published at Berlin.

Passing from African to Polynesian philology, we have to notice two works in the New Zealand language with translations: New Zealand proverbs, and New Zealand poetry, by Sir GEORGE GREY, printed at Cape Town, and which will in a few weeks be published in London, when we will treat of them more fully. The same enlightened linguist is likewise employed upon a work on the Australian language, on the language of New Zealand, and the dialects of the black race in the Pacific. Mr. CRAWFORD is preparing for early publication a separate edition of his essay on the Malay language, prefixed to his Malay Grammar and Dictionary.

J. R. LOGAN, of Singapore, whose interesting investigations on the Tibetan languages have been interrupted for some time in consequence of the Chinese troubles, has now resumed his labours in the new number of the "Journal of the Indian Archipelago." He discusses a comparative vocabulary of Shan, Ka-Kyng and Palaong, collected by the Right Rev. PAUL AMBROSE BIGANDET, Bishop of Burmah. In a private letter to the writer of this notice he observes: "The Ka-Kyng proves curiously enough to be identical with the Sing-Pho, which I had just analysed in the Journal, thus showing Sing-Pho to be the one great Tibetan tongue of all northern Burmah, from Assam to China. The Palaong is of much greater interest. It adds another to the Mon-Anam, an older branch of the Himalaic stock, and has close analogies not only with the languages of Anam, Camboja and Pegu, but with Kasia. Its position being remote from all these languages, gives great importance to the discovery. It has the peculiar pronouns and numerals of the Mon-Anam vocabularies, and the direct collocation of the Mon-Anam." We had intended to add a short survey of Oriental philology, but find that we have exhausted our space, and must therefore leave it for a subsequent article.

TRANSLATION OF AMERICAN WORKS INTO RUSSIAN.—In the beginning of next year a translation, in the Russian language, is to be published of the best classical works in the English and French tongues. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and "Philip the Second of Spain," Grote's voluminous "History of Greece," and "Thierry's Norman Conquest," have been selected to begin this undertaking.—*American Publishers' Circular.*

#### BIBLIOGRAPHIC EXCERPTS.

The first literary journal ever published was issued at Paris, on the 30th of May 1666, by Dennis de Sallo, ecclesiastical counsellor to the Parisian Parliament. Its title is *Journal des Savans*. This work met with a favourable reception, and was soon imitated throughout Europe. Its author had the gratification of seeing it translated into several languages.

The earliest magazine issued in America was entitled "The General Magazine and Monthly Chronicle for the British Plantations in America." It was published in Philadelphia, by Benjamin Franklin. The first number appeared in January 1741. A few successive numbers of the work are owned by the Philadelphia Library Company.

The oldest known book, which has the name and place of the printer, is a copy of the Psalter in Latin, printed on folio vellum, by Faust and Schöffer, at Mentz, in 1457. The most perfect copy is in the Imperial Library at Vienna. A second edition, under the patronage of the St. Alban's and Benedictine monks, was published in 1459, and contains, as is supposed, the first printed text of the Athanasian creed.

One of the most memorable sales of books on record was that of White Knight's library, at London, in 18—-. The collection contained many rare specimens from the presses of Caxton, Pynson, and Wynkyn de Worde. The care and liberality used in collecting this library, and the uncommon occurrence of its comprising many uniques, produced an intensity of excitement unparalleled in the literary and bibliographical world. The auction-room of Mr. Evans in Pall Mall, where the books were exhibited, was a centre of attraction for the most eminent book collectors of the three kingdoms for many days prior to the sale; and during its continuance the room was crowded to excess. Its most remarkable feature was the disposal of

"Boccaccio II Decamerone. (Venezia), per Christopal. Valdarfer di Ratisfona. . . . MCCCCLXI."

This book had been purchased by the Duke of Marlborough at the sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's books, at the enormous price of 2260*l*. Notwithstanding the publicity of this fact, all endeavours to procure another copy of the book throughout all Europe proved useless. Besides its merits as a unique, it contains many important passages which have been disregarded in all other editions.

Never, perhaps, was so great an interest excited in the fate of any book. Its scarcity, its enormous price at the Roxburgh sale, and curiosity to see who would become the possessor on this occasion, created a great attraction; and although this book was the last to be sold, the room was filled with lookers-on at an early hour of the forenoon, and at four o'clock the room was crowded to suffocation, and admission could not be obtained either to hear or see what was going on. A number of persons then made their way to the flat skylight roof, to get a sight from that position at this wonderful book. Those who were fortunate enough to be near the table eagerly strove to handle the volume; others, at a distance, rejoiced in the opportunity of having a peep at it, and others, more remote, contented themselves with hearing the bids. After the clerk had succeeded in getting the book to the table, there arose a cry of "hats off!" The auctioneer recounted the history of the book in a speech of some length, which was concluded amid loud plaudits, and the bidding began. The book was invoiced at one hundred pounds, and was purchased at eight hundred and seventy-five guineas by Messrs. Longman and Co, of Paternoster-row.—*American Circular.*

GOLDSCHMIDT AND PROFESSOR RAFF. — Goldschmidt, the author of "The Jew," whose acquaintance I made, is himself a Jew, and a man of great earnestness and enthusiasm. He is the editor of the *North and South*, a monthly periodical, and has just completed, as he informed me, a second romance, which will shortly be published. Like most of the authors and editors in Northern Europe, he is well acquainted with American literature. He called my attention to a small book which has just been published by a Danish naval officer, from the dictation of Petersen, Dr. Kane's Esquimaux interpreter. The latter charges Dr. K. with cruelty and bad management; and I was glad to be able to defend the memory of one of the noblest-hearted men I ever knew from charges which in all probability originated in personal malice. Professor Raff, the distinguished archaeologist of Northern lore, is still as active as ever, notwithstanding he is well advanced in years. After going up an innumerable number of steps, I found him at the very top of a high old building in the *Kronprinzengasse*, in a study crammed with old Norsk and Icelandic volumes. He is a slender old man, with a thin face and high, narrow head, clear grey eyes, and a hale red on his cheeks. The dust of antiquity does not lie very heavily on his grey locks; his enthusiasm for his studies is of that fresh and lively character which mellows the whole nature of the man. I admired and enjoyed it, when, after being fairly started on his favourite topic, he opened one of his own splendid folios, and read me some ringing stanzas of Icelandic poetry.—*Bayard Taylor, in the New York Tribune.*

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## PHILOSOPHY.

*Philosophie du Droit.* Par E. Lerminier. Paris. THE English, in their just disdain for abstractions, are apt to confound abstractions with idealisms. An abstraction is a simple nonentity; but the real and the ideal everlastingly need, seek, and imply each other, and the deepest philosophies and the most catholic religions alike have recognised this grand and fruitful principle. The audacities of pure thought are insanities as well as audacities, whether they express themselves in Platonic, in Cartesian, in Hegelian, or in any other formulas. The natural rebuke of such audacities, the natural revolt against them, is an exaggerated, an exclusive realism; but a reaction merely proves the truth of some stupendous unity, from which both the reaction and what the reaction assails are equally remote. It is the unity embracing both the real and the ideal wherefrom the English are so widely divorced; to teach them that unity, to transfuse, to clothe, and to colour them with it, is a work as noble as it is arduous. The great subject which M. Lerminier discusses so ingeniously, so brilliantly, though sometimes sophistically, sometimes superficially, and sometimes with arguments and erudition not his own, it is almost impossible to present to our countrymen in an intelligible and imposing shape, from their inability to distinguish between the ideal and the abstract. Right discards abstractions, but it has both an ideal and a real basis. The foremost modern metaphysicians of Germany have, therefore, been eminently justified in seeking to include a theory of right in their systems. Rushing, however, into extremes of idealism, the Germans have been as much deserters as the English from that unity of which we have spoken. The tendency of the French intellect is neither toward the real nor the ideal, but toward the abstract; and by the light of this tendency we must explain many things in the first French revolution which otherwise would be inexplicable. Nothing so despotic as an abstraction, nothing so fanatical, nothing so cruel. Hence the French have often been as horribly ferocious through abstractions as the Spaniards in their worst times and worst deeds from the lust of blood and of gold. We never yet met with a French book professedly on a philosophical subject in which abstraction did not predominate to the exclusion of the real and the ideal, to the disregard of that stupendous unity which harmonises these. M. Lerminier is as fond of abstractions as Frenchmen in general. We cannot admit, therefore, that he has given us what he has had the ambition to give—a philosophy of right; we doubt, indeed, whether any Frenchman will ever be able to produce the philosophy of anything in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The French intellect is wholly analytical; the French mind is wholly logical. But without the synthetic and the analogical how narrow and how sterile is thought! What can the best French book on philosophy of any kind be except a host of sparkling observations grouped in an arbitrary method? This is precisely the praise and precisely the blame which we are disposed to bestow on M. Lerminier's volume. But for its clever criticism, and its profuse historical illustrations, it would be absolutely worthless. Its merits, that is to say, lie apart from its main intention. There is, however, a deeper than a mental reason why it is impossible for a Frenchman to discourse wisely, comprehensively, suggestively of right. In considering right he always starts from the social instead of the moral, and his notion of the social is a Parisian notion, which, so far from implying the moral, may be almost said to exclude it. No doubt it is as social beings that we claim, proclaim a right, or exercise one. This is such an obvious commonplace that it is silly and superfluous to demonstrate it as the French are incessantly doing. That we are social beings is simply the soil out of which rights grow. Right itself is the divinely transfused heroism of conscience. Hence by an eminent truth, by an admirable sagacity of language, the righteous man in English is the man of godlike excellence. The righteous man might, therefore, without paradox, be defined to be the man who surrenders his own rights and asserts the rights of others.

Right, in fact, is duty enlarged and aggrandised; and the more right takes this beautiful aspect, the less it needs the aid of law, the less it is the equivalent of law. The multiplication of laws is thus a sign of moral degeneracy—a sign at present discernible in every civilised country. He who in the gray foreworld was such a sublime figure—the law-giver—made as few laws as possible. Moses deemed the Ten Commandments enough for the Hebrews; the rest was ceremonial prescription, and was chiefly designed either for a guide in worship, or to keep the Hebrews pure from the loathsome abominations of the Canaanites. Right, as the equivalent of law, may always be compressed into half-a-dozen sentences. With right, custom and privilege, which have such an immense empire in England, should never be confounded. Law may sanction custom, and may uphold privilege; but custom and privilege, and not right, they still remain. We are not now speaking of what it is expedient in the political or other institutions of a country to retain, what to sweep entirely away. That may be justifiable in politics which would be gravely objectionable when tried by a higher test, though no political necessity can justify anything positively immoral; and when any political action positively immoral has been committed, it is soon found that the more honest and open way would have been the safer and the surer. Custom, privilege, political expediency,—it is in this low region that so much valiant and magnificent English energy is wasted, while the sacred countenance of everlasting right is seen not, or seen only afar off. There are two primordial forces besides morality that hold the community together—poetry and religion. These are enough, along with the dread of change and the indolent or selfish clinging to the habitual, to prevent all violent innovations, except in a land so leprous and so anomalous as France. It is the very superstition of craven prudence, therefore, to clothe with the holy name of right diplomatic trickeries, bureaucratic panderies, dynastic conveniences and arrangements, and what in legal phrase is known as use and wont. England resembles the miser who crams his house with all sorts of antique rubbish, while there is not a chair to sit on, a bed to lie on, or a morsel to eat. She is so afraid to lose that she ceases to gain. These three things, however, should rather be before her than the obsolete monstrosities which she clutches with such feverish fear and such stolid obstinacy,—the mystic and mighty phantasy of the State, the fecund harmony of national growth, and right in its exalted and eternal significance. In seeking to lay the foundations, if we cannot complete the edifice of a better philosophy of right than that of M. Lerminier, we make no apology for enthroning England so conspicuously in our achievement. Alone of nations England possesses the reality of right. The riper and more grievous are her sins and shortcomings, the more willingly would we decorate and delectate her with this praise. There would for a season be no hope for the world if the reality of right were to perish in England: a reality visible in our courts of justice, in the common intercourse between man and man where trade is not concerned, in the reverence for what is essentially noble rather than for what is splendid in our national traditions, and in the unanimous disinterestedness and generous sympathy which England for the most part manifests when dealing with foreign affairs. It was kindred qualities to these which made the Romans invincible, and without them their valour and pertinacity would have availed little. Wherefrom we see that though no man can gainsay what some have asserted, that might is right, it is because might is already supposed to have taken to itself right as an ally and a guide. As a natural being I have no rights. The Duke of Wellington once said in the House of Lords that martial law is no law at all. Likewise, unreservedly to maintain that might is right is to confound things essentially different. Aught natural expending its dower of strength in natural fashion is severed from that moral domain where rights tabernacle. If the basest of adventurers becomes the bloodiest of usurpers, even though he may be able to barrier his usurpation from assault, his success confers not the shadow of a right upon him. As there are no

natural, there are no political, no religious rights, since right cannot deny its moral origin or lay aside its moral attributes. Though we abhor negro slavery, yet, in attacking it, we should not say that the slave has a right to be free. There are diviner and more effectual arguments. Though we abhor religious persecution, yet in warring against it we should not say that every man has a right to worship the Invisible in the way he deems the best. We at once demur to a proposition so unreasonable, which would not distinguish between the seraph kneeling to the Unspeakable One, and the horrible wretches who thrust their shrieking babes into the fiery arms of Moloch. Right peculiarly is the armour and attitude of the individual considered in his moral relations. It neither, therefore, glorifies the cruelties of the oppressor nor pities the sufferings of the oppressed. If love, or anger, or any other passion is needed, forthwith let love, or anger, or any other passion appear. Their work is either higher or lower than that of the moral principle. The question is not now what elements of human nature are best fitted to accomplish blessing or bane; but what are the characteristics of right—what is its appropriate realm? The answer has been given, and it implies that as the individual alone has rights, the individual alone can determine his rights. I have clearly just as much right, and no more, as I can erect on the conception of duty. The loftier my conception of duty, the more is my right, though the more my conception of duty is lofty, the less I may be inclined to insist on my right. The community, as such, can establish no pretension to rights; yet the ideal of right must transfuse the bosom of the community. To render that ideal increasingly a celestial lustre and a potent presence in the bosom of the community, there can be but one effectual mode—elevating the character of the individual. Multiply the men of heroic mould, and you augment the number of those whose lofty conception of duty is the pedestal on which they place a statue of right; and it is in gazing on millions of such statues that the ideal of right in the community is nourished. But how elevate the character of the individual in a land where the current theologies, especially the theologies of the conventicle, pour such contempt on morality? Among the ancients it was always some enormous moral abomination or iniquity for which the avenging Furies were sent; and for which their scourge rushed, lacerating and torturing, down to the third and fourth generation. In the simple, distinct, and grand conviction of the moral we are far inferior to the ancients. Religion with them was a power bringing all men together; with us, contrary to its name and nature, it is a power severing a favoured class—a class proudly boasting itself the adopted of Heaven—from all other classes. With them morality was a power dealing with the individual as heroic inspiration, as inevitable retribution and ever his own destiny was the atonement for his own transgressions; with us it is decency, calculation, or conventionalism—it is a thing in its more godlike aspects to be mocked at and defied by every Antimorian ape who is allowed, from his boundless ignorance and brazen impudence, to gibber and to gesticulate in assemblages of the vulgar and the vile. It is vain to call ourselves a religious people, when religion has lost its empire to gather us as loving brethren into one; it is vain to call ourselves a moral people, when glib, coarse, conceited theological teachers, misusing divinest names and desecrating divinest memories, amuse fatuous or flatter sensual crowds with ridiculing, reviling, anathematising the moral, as if it contradicted Paul, insulted Christ, ruined man, and blasphemed the Deity. Verily here is labour for earnest and devoted souls—and many such we have still, in spite of chaos and pollution, in spite of selfishness and cowardice and servility—to restore to religion its bleeding, harmonising vigour—to restore to morality its irresistible dominion over the conscience of the individual. More urgent, however, at present is the moral than the religious redemption. One of England's greatest metaphysicians wrote on immutable morality: it is the entirely independent vocation of morality that needs in these days to be set strenuously and persistently forth.

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Religion, so far from relaxing, intensifies moral obligation; but putting religion for a moment aside, we would unveil to every eye the colossal, the commanding majesty of the moral. How numerous are they in our craven, cowering times who think that they may escape the burden of the moral by some kind of legerdemain which too often assumes a religious form and employs religious instruments! This man or that man affects to believe a little more than his neighbours, and because his faith or his credulity exceeds theirs, he deems himself amply entitled to overreach or to plunder them. The deplorable and signal examples of commercial dishonesty with which the last few years have made us familiar, indicate perhaps as much a defective commercial system as a blameable moral practice. But when we have made this admission, what heights and what depths of wickedness remain! Now we may talk as we choose of the thousand things that tempt a worldly soul to grow suddenly rich in these days, even at the expense of honour. The matter is supposed to be all explained when the long catalogue of those temptations has been given. But if manliness and probity were not held so cheap, myriad temptations would have just as little influence as one. And why are manliness and probity held so cheap? Simply because the independent character of morality is not acknowledged, not revered. We regret that morality in its stoical sternness, in its inexorable force, has suffered so much from seeming to be identical with the physical laws of the universe, which certain philosophers, dethroning the Creator, are disposed to deify. Law in the place of God will always be hollow, or harsh, or cold. In things divine it is an empty word when it is not a false one. But the independent and immutable character of morality loses nothing of its spontaneity by being immutable and independent; even if law were not unfitting and unfortunate when applied to the sphere of the spiritual. Morality must ever be an impulse from within—the rush of an inborn ideal to transcend the ideal of all ages. Let no one, then, who refuses to submit to pure and exalted morality add to countless frivolous excuses by pretending that he does not wish to yield his neck to the yoke of the mechanical. If the spontaneity of pure and exalted morality were not otherwise to be vindicated, it would be sufficiently so by the faculties demanded for the moral reformer, who, from the Hebrew prophet downward—the Hebrew prophet thundering in the desert, and menacing guilt with the vengeance of Jehovah—has always been the most spontaneous of men. It is, indeed, as much against routine as against improbity and Pharisaism that a pure and exalted morality has to combat. But it has other foes, and not one of those most to be despised is a noisy constitutionalism. This is the patent English remedy for every evil. Most absurdly it is English constitutional government which is always pictured and paraded as the main root of English supremacy; and therefore the English view themselves as appointed by God to be teachers of constitutional government to the nations. But when did England begin to grasp her unrivalled mastery by sea and shore? Was it not under Elizabeth, who, except in some cumbersome, deceptive forms which had no pith or stringency, was the most absolute monarch that ever reigned? And what has our constitutional government always been but a roundabout agency for making some man or other a dictator during a longer or shorter period? When Prime Minister, Pitt the younger was as much a dictator as any famous or sanguinary Roman. Let us awake from a most besetting delusion: it is not the political, but the moral freedom of England which has enabled her to march so powerfully and so effulgently. By no instrumentally less divine can the countries abroad have valiant growth and enduring strength. Switzerland has mountain walls, as England has the ocean, to dash back the invader; but it is not in her mountain walls that Switzerland trusts—she wisely trusts in the industrial energy, in the solid virtues of her people, and sees therein better guardians than in the frowning pinnacles of her everlasting rocks. Her virtues are her rights—more substantial, more salutary rights than any that M. Lermier or the cleverest Frenchman can tell her of. The Americans themselves the children of the free—seized in one marvellous moment of daring the vastest political freedom that mortals had ever won. How worthless their political freedom has proved in the face of pollutions which, every hour in thicker phalaxes, are assailing their hearts and

their homes, their churches and their marts! Have not, therefore, the rights of the Americans decreased to the exact extent of their moral decay? The Spaniards have possessed for a generation or two a constitutional government—what doth it profit them? Were not a Spaniard's rights fuller, more fixed, and sacred under the sombre, tyrannical Philip the Second than they are now under a constitutional Queen? Because no man, however bad or brutal, can be an unbridled autocrat one single point farther than he can wound and weigh down that moral freedom which has its throne in the conscience. And with much more of that moral freedom was the Spaniard panoplied in the sixteenth century than in the nineteenth. What is thy own condition, O France, thou who wouldst fain, in thy idiotic vanity, be physician to all the world, but who repellst us by the stench and the sore of every monstrous and unhallowed sin? What are thy rights, thou incessant and inordinate babbler about rights? Hast thou not forfeited thy rights—having flung from thee thy moral freedom as the harlot casts away that last blush of shame which she has brought from the cottage of her childhood—from the memory of a mother's tears which can no longer flow for her sorrow and her guilt? It has often been asked since the February revolution, whether France and England can be hearty allies? Never can they be, never ought they to be, hearty allies, till by pain and self-denial and martyr sacrifice France has, with resolute will, ascended to that moral freedom which we in England are yet far from having reached in those of its towers which are richest with the light of Heaven, but to which we have climbed nearer than any contemporary people. England can be the hearty ally of those realms alone that are seeking, like herself, earnestly to augment their moral freedom, and that hold up, bannerwise, right as the ideal of duty. The most conquering propagandism is that which does not strive to propagandise. England has stood forward as the champion and diffuser of constitutionalism, and she has most deplorably failed. She has alarmed and offended the obstructives and the oppressors everywhere, without gaining the esteem, the affection, the faith of mankind. Let her stand forth as the assertor of moral dignity and of moral truthfulness, and every brave and generous soul throughout the globe would be her fervent friend. This is our philosophy of right, less dazzling than M. Lermier's, but more compendious. England sends forth her missionaries to convert the heathen; but more potently could she serve the cause which she thus endeavours to promote by being sublimely in all her deeds a moral missionary. There was in the very centre of Rome a temple to Vesta. In that temple no image was visible, though in some Holy of Holies veiled from the vulgar eye such an image might exist. On the altar, watched by the Vestal Virgins, the fire sacred to Vesta burned day and night. It symbolised the purity and the warmth of the family hearth—the genial heat travelling ceaseless from the innermost core of our world, the source of growth, and life, and beauty—the adorable flame subtly lurking in the infinite universe, omnipotent to create and omnipotent to destroy. But it also symbolised the State in its most direct and opulent righteousness. When prayers, when offerings were made to the gods on solemn festivals, Vesta always took precedence of the others. All covenants, all contracts, whether of a public or private kind, began with an invocation to the goddess. An oath by Vesta was believed to be clothed with an awful and peculiar stringency. The very name, Vesta, had a most suggestive meaning. It signifies, like the Hebrew Jehovah, that which is, that which evermore standing fastenables whosever trusteth therein to stand fast. In the temple of Vesta, guarded as carefully as the sacred fire, was kept the Palladium—that mysterious representative of strong, and noble, and abiding empire. The Vestal Virgins were held in supreme veneration; but if one of them, from negligence, allowed the sacred fire to go out, she was scourged like the meanest female slave—for the dying of the sacred fire was held as a herald of woe, of ruin to mighty Rome. No vulgar spark, only the ray of the sun could again kindle the sacred fire. In early times bread was baked in the temples of Vesta, as if moral excellence, cleanliness of soul, were the real food of man; the Vestal Virgins were required to revere water almost as much as that fiercer element which was more especially their care, as if the baptism by water and the baptism by fire should always go together—a

spotless conduct with an unpolluted heart; the worshippers offered green grass to the goddess, as if creation and destruction were not antagonisms, but harmonious operations. In other lands Vesta had the same elevated attributes, the same profound relations, and was adored in the same suggestive fashion. Now, what Vesta was to the ancients, and especially to the Romans, the ideal of right should be to us. But forget not, O my English brother and my English sister, that, as in Rome of old, it is from the sunniness and sanctity of the family hearth that the divine purification must spread to England, and thence to the whole race of men. ATTICUS.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*James Montgomery: a Memoir, Political and Poetical.*  
By J. W. KING. London: Partridge and Co. 1858.

We have been pleasantly disappointed in this volume. We anticipated a skeleton, and we have found a thing of flesh and blood. It is, and has evermore been the case, that dry bones may be made to live under the inspiration of genius. What salient points are there in the life of James Montgomery? None; absolutely none, to the taste of the day. He was not a hero in any romantic acceptance of the word. Indeed, he was a very common mortal, as far as mere flesh and blood are concerned; but he was an uncommon mortal where will is concerned: and the thought of his "Climbing Boy" must have always attended and actuated him—

For I was born to be a man,  
And if I live, I will.

James Montgomery, without phase of romance, belongs to his country. His life was a pleasant stream, interrupted, now and then, by a frowning, but passable boulder—sometimes brisk, sometimes creeping along under the willows timorously, sometimes making a small cascade, a torrent never; and ending quietly, without commotion or splutter, in the great ocean of Eternity. Such a man, for various reasons, ought to be held in remembrance, and, in the warm pages of Mr. King, he has found a proper remembrancer. Stern hardships Montgomery never experienced. As a politician he had a taste of York Castle, on two occasions, when almost a boy—taste bitter enough; as a poet, he never lived in a garret, never knew the lack of a penny loaf. Providence thatched him outwardly, and kept the inspiration of the man warm within. Was he ever in love? It is just possible. He lived and died a bachelor; but it may have been that at one period of his life the diffident, bashful man had a fondness for a certain Hannah. Whether this Hannah was "fair or foul" the biographer does not inform us; but we should like to know for certain that Montgomery was once in love, even if he was jilted. A perfect man, in this respect, the world could never tolerate. We all like to meet with fallibility, however much it may be scouted by the pulpit. No man has yet been formed to love a saint; but there might be a Hannah in the question. Let us suppose that at fond sixteen

His roving heart

Was pierced by love's delightful dart,

and that he saw Hannah with the "downcast eye." Carrotty locks aside, he should have had a poet's bravery, and should have said a "good-day" to Hannah; he should even have insinuated into her reluctant hand a piece of gingerbread, or, in the fashion of Mansel Waugh, a staid apple, a yard of sixpenny ribbon, a "some something." If he ever loved, he had not a poet's pluck, or Hannah, unpoetical as the name may be, would never have become the lot of another. Warm-hearted, pure-minded, he never exactly came "up to the scratch" in love, poetry, or politics, and so once—

I reached the hamlet; all was gay;  
I love a rustic holiday;  
I met a wedding—stepped aside;  
It passed—my Hannah was the bride.

In truth, Montgomery could never back his intentions as a lover, a politician, or a poet. He had always the will "to do," and lacked the "how to perform." His aims were high and noble; he slung his stones from his leathern slings well, but somehow he missed his own mark. He was a man of grand beginnings and of comparatively small endings. He was always big with a preface or introduction, which ended in disappointment. As a political writer he was rash rather

than brave. He committed himself to the stream as one not knowing how to swim, and he landed safely on the opposite bank. He had the power to suffer, and he suffered nobly; but this man could never have been a martyr. He would have died for his principles, and yet would never have been admitted into the grand Pantheon. What about Montgomery we most admire is, that he kept the even tenour of his way. He had no strong temptations to do otherwise; but, with the temptation, we thoroughly believe that he would have found means of escape: not through any network, but through the grand portal of manhood. He approved himself a faithful servant, a warm friend, a conscientious citizen. If he appears timid at times, he is always faithful. He outlived, as most men do, his early opinions. These he did not abnegate—far from it—but he looked upon public questions more calmly, more temperately. He took to heart the sentence, "Vex not thyself because of evil-doers." Iniquity was evermore iniquity in his eyes, and met with his reprobation, in the language of the sage rather than in the explosive epithets of the young reformer. This is a phase we all must pass through, if we think at all. We may retain the principle in getting rid of the barnacles with which it has been incrustured. A true man may get rid of the husks or shells of the truth which he has received; but of the kernel, never.

Mr. King, properly enough, divides his biography of Montgomery into the political and poetical phases of the man's life. As we have already said, we have been pleasantly disappointed in his work. The political portion of the poet's life, which we were disposed to read the last, possesses the greatest interest. We have read it from end to end without skipping a page. Out of barren materials the author has made fertile reading, and this is something to his praise. His style, however, rather discomposes one. He leads off at a gentle canter, then breaks into an uneasy trot, and, as if taking a five-barred gate, leaps instantly from a present to a pluperfect tense, making our position dubious. Mr. King's paces are uncertain, and, if it should be our fate to meet with him again, may he go along more steadily.

This much we learn from what he has written. Montgomery's life was not an eventful one; but he resolved to make himself a man, and he made himself a man. How? Read Mr. King's biography. Montgomery will live as a man and as a poet, when he is forgotten as a politician and the editor of the *Sheffield Iris*. His life is soon told. James Montgomery was the son of John Montgomery, a popular Moravian preacher, and first saw the light on a dull November day, the fourth of that month, in the year of grace 1771. He was born in the small sea-port town of Irvine, in Ayrshire, the county of Burns. By birth, therefore, he was a Scotsman; but all his nature was thoroughly English. When only seven he was removed to a Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, where the teachers well grounded him in human learning, but where it is certain they could not make a preacher of him. He, with the "abundant crop of carotid locks," must, in some respects, have been an intractable lad—by no means a stubborn one in the bad sense. The teachers did not find their way to his young heart, in which there was a spark which they failed to fan into flame. "James Montgomery is his own Simon Pure, and nobody else. Twist him, chide him, threaten him, expel him; but you cannot make a preacher of him." And here is his own tale:

At school even, when I was driven like a coal ass through the Latin and Greek grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging and lingering fever with which I was seized one fine summer's day, as I lay under a hedge with my companions, listening to our master whilst he read us some animated passages from Blair's poem on the "Grave." My happier schoolfellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal; but I, who am always asleep when I should be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but easily caught the contagious malady; and from that ecstatic moment to the present, Heaven knows, I have never enjoyed one cheerful, one peaceful night.

The good Moravians could make nothing of their heart's mind of their pupil, now an orphan having lost both parents, and so they resolved "to put him to business, at least for a time," and shortly after we find the demure and melancholy James, at the village of Mirfield, behind a counter, in a white apron, retail-

ing the biscuits and wheaten bread of the worthy baker Lockwood. Writing his books of "Arthur" and vending fine bread are incompatible; so one quiet, sunny Sunday morning he takes clandestine leave of Mirfield, and finds himself ultimately at the village of Wath, "a cosy, country-wreathed little spot, with a fine old church in the centre, smothered with trees, and garnished with green meads and pleasant water-courses," there to tend in a store where might be had for honest money "flour, shoes, cloth, groceries, and almost every description of hard and soft ware." This, too, he got tired of. He still wrote verses. He made the acquaintance of the village bookseller. His ambition is London, and to appear in print. In London he did appear; not to starve—for in all his random leaps he ever fell upon his feet—but to receive a discouraging reception from a publisher. What, in his simplicity, he hoped for we can well imagine; what he suffered in finding his hopes shattered, we can imagine too. As a proof that he was more English at heart than Scottish, he went "back again," and find him shortly after engaged by Mr. Gale of the *Sheffield Mercury*, on which paper he shortly makes himself distinguished. From this time forward James Montgomery is a Sheffield man. After Gale's self-imposed expatriation, he having been a fervent Radical at a time when it was dangerous to express oneself on matters political, except to a given text, Montgomery started the *Sheffield Iris*, which he conducted until 1825, a period of thirty-one years. As to how Montgomery thought and wrote, and as to what he suffered and gained in person and reputation during this period, we must refer the reader to Mr. King's book. This only we must say, that James Montgomery's experiences as editor of the *Sheffield Iris* is a most important page in the history of journalism, which a young generation ought to take good heed of. Liberty of the press was bought at a price which not many now would be willing to give. Montgomery paid the price, and went to gaol. In his very timidity there was a bravery which we can well appreciate. The attention which Montgomery gave to the sisters of his employer, his devotion to their interests, his self-denying efforts, his proper independence as a man of the world, are matters worthy of all praise. How the man laboured at the formation of his character, is also worthy of note. When he perceived a sin in himself, he toiled to cast it off—it should have no share in his nature. Yet was there a reservation in his character which we do not like. When he spoke a truth he did not always indorse it by his presence. He shrunk from personal antagonism. He said, for example, the truth of Thomas Moore, but could never face him. But let it be stated to his honour, that in his own adopted town he was zealous in every good work. He had always an eye to the main chance, but was never sordid. His purse was open to every act of genuine charity. He aided Clarkson in his attempt to abolish slavery, and lived to see the attempt successful. He patronised the schools of Joseph Lancaster. He made himself a Sunday-school teacher. He was a preacher, and went into the villages round about Sheffield preaching the word, not bothering men's minds with theology, and dogmas about which men have been ready to tear out each other's eyes for many a century, but speaking to them the truth in soberness. He recognises the doctrine, that cleanliness is next to godliness, and preached to his townsmen many useful reforms. Space fails us to enumerate all his good works as a citizen. He lived in honour and died truly respected. His end was peace. We quote Mr. King:

On Tuesday, April 25, 1854, he presided at a meeting of the directors of the United Gas Company; on Wednesday attended the Fast-day service in St. George's Church; on Friday took his place and duty as chairman at the weekly board of the General Infirmary; on Saturday was in town as usual; on Sunday—he was dead! The manner of his dying was neither painful nor sorrowful. Returning home on the Saturday, he complained of a degree of dizziness, and did not pay his ordinary attention to the papers of the week. He seemed too feeble to conduct family prayers; but after his usual pipe he revived, was comfortable, and went to bed, to all appearance, in his ordinary manner. The servant, who slept in the next room, was cautioned to attend to him if he should need aid during the night; but as no noise was heard he was supposed to be enjoying refreshing repose. The servant took his hot water as usual in the morning, and, finding no answer when she knocked, she went in, and found him lying upon the floor, between the bed and the window, in his nightclothes, and apparently insensible. He was still alive, how-

ever, and, after being put into bed, rallied so much as to be able to take a little dinner. But, about four o'clock in the afternoon, nature had fulfilled its mission, and the poet passed away at the ripe age of eighty-three.

Mr. King's estimate of Montgomery as a poet we consider, in the main, to be correct. He writes warmly and affectionately, but in the excess of his admiration he is not blind to the poet's defects. Montgomery was a poet—not a great poet by any means, but still he was a poet, and as a poet is destined to live. He pleases, but never transports you. There is a drowsy sweetness in some of his verses which steals upon the mind, and hushes to sleep, as it were, on a mossy bank in the warm sunshine. His stream runs clear, and you can see the pebbles in its bed. It flows along steadily, never impetuously. He has no cataracts or whirlpools. Why he should be called the "Christian Poet" we could never clearly make out. Addison, Cowper, and others, have written better religious hymns—better in tone and in style. But be it so. Let James Montgomery live in the memory of his countrymen as the "Christian Poet." There is a breadth in his mind, a love in his heart, an earnestness of feeling, which would entitle him to the epithet. He was a lover of the beautiful in nature and the human soul, and let him retail fine flour, or shoes, or hard or soft ware, or edit the *Sheffield Iris*, he must still be a poet. Why have we so many twaddling poets? Because there are so many who can write with pen and ink, who have never looked nature in the face. The true poet studies the original. It has been said of the people of three great nations, the Germans, French, and English; given the subject to write upon—say the lion: the Frenchman goes into the *Jardin des Plantes* and finds the object in his den; the German retires into his study, and elaborates him from first principles; the Englishman goes forth and confronts him in the forest. So with the true poet. He climbs the hill and wades the stream, he plunges into the woods, he rests in the dingle, he listens to the voice of birds, and has his steps arrested by every wild flower. He lies supine amid the brake, looks upward and sees God in the clouds, and hears his music in the rustle of twigs and in the hum of insects. By him the village is not unheeded any more than the gay town. The milkmaid and the shepherd boy reward his attention, as do the countess or the millionaire. He walks through the world with his eyes and ears open. He interprets every speech and language in nature. Every colour he can transfer to his own mind. The emotions of the heart, the hopes, the desires, the faith and love of mortals, he makes himself acquainted with at first hand. He is a ruthless anatomist, that he may become a proper builder up of the true and the beautiful. In truth, to be a poet one must have been somewhat of a sinner—must have been conscious of transgression at one time or the other—must have known temptation, to battle with it heroically or to sink before it cravenly. Saints may be poets to saints, but we doubt whether they can be poets to sinners.

We have to thank Mr. King for a very able and pleasant biography; but we beseech him, if we are destined "to ride abroad" with him at any future season, that he will not jolt us quite so much on the saddle.

*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1858.

THE issue of a second edition of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences" is a sufficient proof of the interest which they excite in Scotland. To those who have not already made themselves acquainted with these pleasant pages, we say, in the good Dean's own words, that they are intended "to preserve marks of the past, which would of themselves soon become obliterated, and to supply the rising generation with pictures of social life, faded and distant to their eyes, but the strong lines of which an older race still remember."

## HISTORY.

*The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America.* Boston: C. Benjamin Richardson. For 1857.

THE idea of this periodical is evidently taken from our English "Notes and Queries," and so little



is the pains taken to disguise the fact, that it is in form and arrangement nearly similar to our "learned, chatty, and useful" contemporary. There, however, the plagiarism (if it deserve so harsh a title) stops; for the matter seems to be entirely original, and there is a fund of useful and interesting facts directly relevant to the history of America. Great attention appears to be paid to American linguistics. It deserves, and will no doubt obtain, success.

### EDUCATION.

*German Tales and Poetry by the best Authors.* By William S. Burger (Nutt), is a collection of German readings from the best authors, for the use of English students; and to save the trouble of carrying about a dictionary, a complete vocabulary of the prose texts is placed at the end of the volume. We can cordially recommend it to all who are learning the German language.

*Half-Hours of Translation.* By ALPHONSE MARIETTE, M.A. London: Relfe Brothers. 1858.

This purports to be a selection from "the best British and American authors," and is intended by the compiler, who is Professor of the French Language and Literature at King's College, London, as a class-book for exercises. Against M. Mariette's right to make a selection we have nothing to object, and we have no doubt that the volume will answer its purpose admirably; we cannot help entering a protest, however, when we find Mr. G. P. R. James, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Raikes, Mr. Bayard Taylor, and *The Morning Post*, taking rank beside Bacon, Addison, and their compeers, as "the best" exponents of the English language.

### SCIENCE.

*The Student's Manual of Geology.* By J. BEETE JUKES, M.A., F.R.S. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

MR. JUKES is already known among men of science as a geologist of high authority. He is local director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, and also holds the office of lecturer of geology to the Museum of Irish Industry. The circumstances which suggested the present manual were these: Mr. Jukes was requested by that eminent geologist, the late Professor Forbes, to collaborate with him upon the article "Geology" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and a text-book to be founded on it. The plan was agreed upon between them, when death put a period to the labours of Professor Forbes; and the official duties of Mr. Jukes rendering it impossible for him to complete the article satisfactorily in time for its appearance under letter "G," it had to be postponed until it could be produced under the title "Mineralogical Science." In the meantime Mr. Jukes found it advisable, for his own use as a lecturer, to bring the text-book to a state of forwardness, and the volume before us is the result.

We have little hesitation in asserting that, as a comprehensive manual of geology, this is the most complete of any we have met with. The subject is divided into three capital portions; viz., Geognosy, Paleontology, and the History of Formation of Series of Stratified Rocks. Geognosy is divided into two subdivisions, Lithology and Petrology; and under the latter head there is an admirable attempt at classifying and describing all the known rocks. We call this an attempt advisedly, because the subject is confessedly only in a state of development, or, as Mr. Jukes himself expresses itself, "in a state of transition from a merely empirical to a really scientific treatment." The manual is sufficiently illustrated with excellent woodcuts, and is, in point of typography, everything that could be desired.

*An Introduction to Practical Chemistry, including Analysis.* By JOHN E. BOWMAN, F.C.S. Edited by CHARLES L. BLOXAM. Third Edition. London: John Churchill. 1858.

It is unnecessary to do more than indicate the issue of a third edition of this valuable manual. In his preface, Mr. Bloxam points out that he has made some slight alterations in the experiments, particularly those bearing on analysis.

*A Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences.* By WILLIAM BAIRD, M.D., F.L.S. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co. 1858.

It needs but a very cursory examination of this volume to be convinced of its great utility as a work of reference. The points upon which Dr. Baird's plan differs from those of his predecessors are, first, the use of scientific names only in the body of the work, the familiar terms being collected in the index at the end; thus, *Dog* will only be found in the index, but in the body of the work we must look for the article *Canis*. The second point is that Teratology, or the science of abnormal forms (commonly called "monsters") is admitted; and, finally, there is an excellent map, pointing out the distribution of animals over the globe. The volume is plentifully illustrated with well-executed woodcuts.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Mila. A Narrative of Incidents and Personal Adventures on a Journey in Mexico, Guatemala, and Salvador, in the Years 1853 to 1855. With Observations on the Modes of Life in those Countries.* By G. F. VON TEMPSKY. Edited by J. S. BELL. London: Longmans. 1858.

ACTING upon the theory that every author owes an excuse to the public for writing a book at all, Mr. Von Tempsky begins by stating, with no very conspicuous modesty, that he has written this because the races in Spanish America "have never been portrayed in a life-like manner." Considering the libraries which have been filled upon this very subject—always a favourite one with the adventurous traveller—this is, indeed, a hardy boast, and certainly requires much greater merit than Mr. Von Tempsky possesses to support it. His book is, however, amusing, and is a valuable contribution to the store which its author professes to ignore.

Mr. Von Tempsky went to Mexico in July 1853 after three years experience of life in California. Even before reaching this country, his experience on board ship afforded him some insight into Mexican manners.

The rallying point of this clique was represented by a stylish Mexican lady. An envious countrywoman of hers, from the region of between-decks, informed me, with a malicious twinkle of her eye, that the said lady had gone very poor to California; that, shortly after her arrival, she had lived in pleasure and abundance, that she never worked, and that now she returned to her home with riches! I cite this as a rare instance of any of her sort having been able to keep long their ill-gotten gains. The between-decks swarmed with those who had lost theirs. All Mexicans, they returned to live on their parents, or at least to beg their blessings ere they died, and to repose in sacred precincts, and the soil of their country.

One of them was not even thus fortunate; she expired on board. In the last moments I saw her sinking eye struggling, in the anguish of death, to fix itself on two tawdry pictures of saints, held before her by a kneeling Mexican, lately a robber in California; while another individual, of the same profession, supported her in his arms! A few more charitable persons stood around, and said the responses for the dying in tones touched by the sadness of the scene. With these melancholy sounds were strangely mingling the sounds of laughter, the clattering of dice and glasses, issuing from another corner of the dimly lighted space, where scenes of Californian high-life were being enacted, now more wildly and loud, as if in defiance of the presence of death. Poor woman! as she had lived she died; dissipation shouted even in her funeral chorus, and stood grinning over her corpse.

On the 22nd of July he landed at Mazatlan and at once started inland. Shortly we meet with some pleasant sketches of Mexican life:—

It is surprising to the European to observe the *tour-nure* which, in manners and speech, nearly all the lower classes of Spanish descent in America, possess. Their attitudes, walk, and all their movements, particularly those of the women, have a native grace that surprises one on comparing them with their equals in station in Europe. They are nearly all well formed; seldom do you see a clumsy form, and never large extremities. This neatness of limb is their inheritance from the aboriginal Indians, whose blood predominates in them. Labour, such as women of our poorer classes have to perform, never curves their backs; yet they are not indolent; and, in that respect, are superior to the men. Their national dress is highly becoming; the *Reboso* especially, a shawl which they drape round the head and shoulders, is an inexhaustible resource in the hands of any of their coquettes. Beauty of face is amongst them about as scarce or as plentiful as everywhere else. Black expressive eyes are a more widely diffused gift. Of gentlemen, you see here and there, in the mornings, a lonely rider taking his airing; and a few ladies, deeply veiled in

their mantillas, glide round the corners of churches and disappear stealthily in their dark portals.

Mr. Von Tempsky has evidently "his views" on the subject of costume. See, for example, in how discriminating a fashion does he dissect the national *mantilla*:—

Mexican ladies, *en toilette*, have adopted, in the main, the European fashions. The shawl has replaced the *mantilla* in the promenade; but, at times, it is worn like the latter, shading the head, as their taste has as yet not been reconciled to bonnets. Whatever may be said in favour of the bewitching powers of the latter, it is only a set-off for a plain or passable face. A really beautiful head and face do best without it, as nothing can serve as a substitute for the waving outline of that natural ornament, the hair, nor for the graceful sweep of the head, neck, and shoulders. The hair is generally worn by the ladies in two simple bands in front, and two tresses behind, which, at times, are wound round the head like a diadem, giving a classical air to most faces, not entirely void of dignity in outline.

If bull-fights had not been so often described we should have liked to give the very interesting sketch of a Mexican one from the pen of Mr. Von Tempsky. As it is, however, we prefer to quote the following very scrutinising examination into the habits of the Mexican ladies. These members of "the gentler sex" have an invincible dislike to eating before gentlemen:—

The fact is, that convivial meetings, such as Europe glories in, are unknown; and, when attempted, end in ludicrous failures. Whether want of custom produces this discrepancy, I do not know; but nobody who has not made the experiment can have an idea of the amount of nonsense it is necessary to talk before a lady will eat like a common mortal. At last they are persuaded, and then begins the comedy of a struggle between the natural inclination of eating and the wish to preserve their dignity under disadvantageous circumstances. Besides, the most has to be made of the opportunity of giving people an idea how small the morsels must be, to enter such a mouth, and a well-timed smile also may show how perfect are the rows of pearly teeth. The whole of the process is carried on with the air of a martyr, undergoing such torture of her feelings only for your sake. I must remark, as a saving clause to their understandings, that they never attempt such airs with a foreigner, unless they are perfectly sure that the soundings of his intellect are on a level with that of their countrymen. All the while when, seemingly, the tongues are monopolizing the attention of listeners, other communications, questions and answers, are crossing the air silently. The electro-magnetism of the eye is in full operation, and fans assist, with all their power, those telegraphic dialogues. To the uninitiated, a fan, by its agitation, conveys only coolness to its owner; he does not see the heartburn it transmits to the one who is watching the capricious movement, until at last it is pressed to the bosom, as indicative of emotions in his favour going on there.

There is a great deal of interesting information about the Comanche Indians, and the warfare between them and the Mexicans. The ill success of the latter is fully accounted for, if Mr. Von Tempsky's stories about the cowardice of the regular troops be truthful. The Mexican Rancheros are brave enough; but the soldiers seem to be sad cowards:—

It appeared that a troop of two hundred lancers were on their way from Zacatecas to Durango, sent thither as a reinforcement for the garrison. Near a place called "El Arenal," a hamlet then deserted, the lancers were filing between the stone fences of the *potreros* (grazing ground) that follow the road, on both sides, for a considerable distance. Of a sudden a few arrows were shot at them from behind the fences and bushes inside of them; and some Indians on foot became visible, jumping from cover to cover, and firing more arrows. Some lancers were wounded already, and the gallant officer in command gave the word to sound "fast trot." No attempt at dislodging the enemy by flanking parties was made; away they went, riding along in a confused mass between the stone fences, whence a most galling fire kept pace with them. The *Rancheros* who saw all this from a neighbouring eminence, swore that there were no more than fifteen Indians, all on foot, save one, on horseback. The soldiers left very soon about twenty dead behind, and fifteen were wounded; while they were dashing now pell-mell forward, to get from among these dangerous inclosures.

The *Rancheros*, however, behave very differently:

In Durango I knew personally one who, in a fight with Indians, behaved like a true descendant of Cortes. He was a very powerful man, and always rode horses of proportionate strength. In his rambles after his cattle he used to wear a leathern cuirass and strong leggings, both arrow-proof, and nearly lance-proof. His only weapon was a straight, double-edged sword, with a shell guard; and on its blade was the

old Spanish motto, "Do not draw me without reason, nor sheathe me without honour." The sword had been handed down to him from his grandfather. The grandson kept true to the motto of the blade. One day he discovered twelve Indians driving off some of his cattle; he immediately rode after them. The Indians seeing one Mexican approaching, whose countrymen they had beaten by hundreds, scarcely paid any attention to him; but, as he came on with drawn sword, they thought it was necessary to punish the presumption. The pursuit of the cattle was left, and they began riding round their doomed victim, swinging their lances round their heads. But the character of the scene soon changed: my friend, by a few bounds of his horse, was alongside of one of these "man-spitters;" and the first thing the Indian felt was the knock of the sword shell on his breast, as the long blade was sticking out from his back. The rest came now in a body upon the *ranchero*, and lance thrusts pressed on him from all sides. But his horse wheeled round as if its hind feet were a pivot, while he, parrying some thrusts and receiving others on his cuirass, lunged out his long blade right and left, and swept it round his head, shivering splinters from their lances. Several began to feel faint from ugly gashes; their shields seemed of not much avail; three sank from their horses, like the first, to keep him company, breathing no longer through their mouths, but where the Toledo had opened a bloody passage to the lungs. The *ranchero's* horse took as active a part in the combat as his master: urged by him in bounds against the foe, they received many a stunning blow or fractured limb from the pawing fore-hoofs of the powerful charger. The courage of the Indians sank, their enemy seemed invulnerable; his horse bleeding, but not exhausted; and the despised antagonist became now truly terrible. Of the eight that remained, four fled, and were pursued by the *ranchero*.

The traveller and his companions had some sharp brushes with the Mexican robbers, who infest the country in small bands:—

Very soon the party ahead saw us: in a minute they were all mounted, and two or three of them entered the intersecting lanes on both sides; the rest halting in the middle of the road. Their intentions were no longer to be mistaken. Arrived at about fifty paces from them, one of them, who seemed by his rich Mexican costume to be their captain, shouted: "Apearse, caballeros" ("Dismount, gentlemen"). I paid no attention to this greeting, and gave him a stare as if I did not understand the language. We advanced, in the same even pace, up to about twenty yards, when he shouted a malediction and grasped a pistol in his holsters: instantaneously mine rose, I fired, and he dropped from his horse. I shoved my pistol underneath my thigh, out sabre, and my horse bounded over the robber, who was yet crawling about and shouting to his men. In that instant the Doctor's rifle cracked; a fellow jerked his head back and dropped, and a pistol-shot of Von W— brought down another. During this time, my horse was stamping upon the captain, who, dagger in hand, tried to disable it. He had evaded two or three thrusts of my sabre, when, suddenly, I felt a painful blow striking the inside of my foot, behind the stirrups; but, at the same instant my sword passed through him. I stooped over the neck of my horse, and charged through two or three dismayed rascals, fumbling with their carabines. Von W— and the Doctor did the same: the latter, in riding through them, knocked a fellow from the horse with the butt-end of his rifle, and away we sped.

Mr. Von Tempsky gives a very interesting and graphic sketch of the city of Mexico itself, and from among other anecdotes we select one illustrative of the good taste of General Scott's troops when occupying Mexico during the war. It occurs in a description of the celebrated Carmelite convent in that city:—

Innumerable oil paintings covered the walls of the meanest passage. They were of all sizes, but of very little difference in other respects. I saw some traces of recent Vandalism, which Fray Valentine pointed out to me as souvenirs left by the American soldiers who had been quartered there, when the capitol was under the command of General Scott; bayonet-thrusts and sabre-cuts that had ripped open large pictures, and were now repaired as well as possible. The best picture—a large altar-piece—was entirely disfigured: all the faces on it being nearly covered by large brown spots, the residuum, no doubt, of pools of American tobacco juice squirted upon it by two heroes who had made of the altar their bed-place during the whole time of their stay.

No account of Mexico would be complete without something about the famous mountain, with the unpronounceable name—Popocatepetl. Mr. Von Tempsky tells a good story of a German merchant whom difficulties had made resolve on suicide, and who descended for that purpose into the crater of the volcano; but finding the inside perfectly salubrious, and plenty of valuable crystals of sulphur about, straightway resolved to postpone the suicide, and work the mountain instead. The sulphur mines are worked to this

day, which is certainly some proof in support of the story.

The aboriginal Indians of Tehuantepec must be a curious race:—

The *physique* of the aboriginal Indian of Tehuantepec is rather contemptible in the men, but very attractive in the women. They are, in both sexes, a small race, delicately made, which latter attribute in women can but be a recommendation. Their shape is exceedingly graceful, and, though small, well developed, verging at times even on plumpness. An exceedingly picturesque costume sets off their body to great advantage. Their features are generally regular, well chiselled, prominent, and expressive. Jet-black hair, silky and luxuriant, enframes their light-brown faces, on which, in youth, a warm blush on the cheek heightens the lustre of their dark eyes, with long horizontal lashes and sharply-marked eyebrows. They are good-hearted and passionate, confiding and generous, but their morals are in a deplorable condition. Yet there is a *naïveté* about them, an apparent, at least, unconsciousness of wrong, that takes from their vices much of their repulsiveness. Poor girls! whence should they learn better manners, as regards either precept or example? Virtue flourishes but where all the advantages of a religious and politically well-regulated society are combined with favourable climate, favourable physical constitutions, and impossibility of idleness: not one of these conditions exists in Tehuantepec.

There is a very elaborate description of the ruins of Mitla, remains of the Montezuma and the ancient Mexican race. Hence it is that the volume derives its title; though why it should do so more than from any other place mentioned in its pages, we do not understand. From Mexico the traveller passed into Guatemala, and with his sketch of Carrera, whose name is inextricably interwoven with the history of that republic, we must conclude our extracts of his very amusing volume. It would seem that, even in the New World, an unscrupulous seizure of the reins of power meets with its success:

There are, perhaps, few persons known in the history of the last thirty or forty years, that have gone through such an extraordinary career as Rafael Carrera. He was born in the village of Santa Rosa, on the road from Guatemala to Izabal, the port on the Atlantic. His father was an Indian, and his mother of the mixed race of *Ladinos*. His occupation in youth was that of the famous Pizarro, a pig driver, or *maranero*, as it is called in Guatemala. It seems that, besides this honourable profession, he followed the more intelligent occupation of a "loafer"—a gambler on a small scale. The inveterate passion for gambling amongst the lowest classes of the Spanish Americans, gives scope for the most intelligent amongst them to exercise their superior wits profitably on their less-gifted companions. Carrera seems to have been one of those successful poachers of low game, and he became the spoiler of all the farm labourers of the surrounding haciendas. He extended his professional visits even as far as La Antigua (the ancient capital of Guatemala), where an accident happened to him that is characteristic of the difference between Rafael the *maranero* and *montero* (mountain player) and Don Rafael Carrera, the President of Guatemala.

The man of war, terrible in the season of floods of blood, when there is a demand for all the wildness of his character, looks awkward when transformed into a frequenter of polite society, in the season of fashionable enjoyments. There, other qualifications will then be demanded of him, if he wishes still to hold a prominent position, after the novelty of his original characteristics has worn off. Carrera was thrown into a circle of new associates, mostly all superior to him in wit, address, and *tournaire*; he conceived the ambition of going out of his character of "*tigre de la montaña*," and assuming the garb, the speech, and the manners of a man of the world. He succeeded better in it than might have been expected; yet he never has risen to the requisite height.

This voluntary taming has had its good as well as bad influence on his position. The aristocrats have lost a good deal of their fear of him; but he has gained more of good-will amongst his very enemies. He was originally a man of bad passions, and now he has learnt to restrain them, at least to hide them, so far, from public view. If they break forth in occasional instances, his party winks at them, and covers them up in the best way they can. He is still fond of his brandy and of his mistresses, and still has his rivals in love assassinated; but he is no longer the blood-thirsty tiger that made man and maid tremble for their safety, on his approach to Guatemala.

With regard to the functions of Mr. J. S. Bell in bringing out this volume, we presume that they consisted in translating Mr. Von Tempsky's narrative into English. That this was not a little needed is plain from the dedication to Lord Westmoreland, which is probably the author's own composition. In this he thanks his Lordship for an introduction to the Consul-General for Mosquito, which he speaks of as

his "*only and most efficient introduction*" in America; a figure of speech which reminds us of the boy who boasted that he was first of his class, but on further questioning admitted that he stood alone, and was also the last.

The volume is extremely well illustrated with woodcuts and beautifully-executed chromo-lithographs; and it has also the inestimable advantage of having a good map.

## FICTION.

### THE NEW NOVELS.

*Gaston Bligh*. By L. L. LAVENU. In 2 vols. London: Smith and Elder.

*A Will and a Way*. By the Hon. HENRY COKE. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

*The Galley Slave and his Daughter*. By Mrs. D. P. THOMPSON. Dublin: Madden and Oldham. 1858.

*Gaston Bligh* is a good story, admirably told, full of stirring incident, sustaining to the close the interest of a very ingenious plot, and abounding in clever sketches of character and descriptive passages of great power. We cannot, however, laud the morality of this novel; it smacks more of the French school than is quite consistent with English notions of the legitimate sphere of fiction. There is nothing positively immoral, but the tone is somewhat lax. Things are done and said without rebuke which, if necessary to the business of the plot, should have been so narrated that the reader might feel, at the moment of reading, that the writer disapproved, and desired to use the incident as a warning. The design of this novel is original: it was to exhibit the consequences of a peculiar kind of education. Gaston, the hero, is the only son of a widow, who had been charged by her deceased husband to train him according to a system from which maternal tenderness was to be excluded—the artificial instead of the natural training. No love being shown to him by his parent, the boy bestows his own upon his aunt, Mrs. Godwin. He is wilful and thoughtless, and as a consequence his mother proceeds in entire ignorance of his tendencies, his aunt alone reading his character truly. He commits many follies, among the rest the serious one of burning down the house in a fit of passion. He is clever, and at Oxford he devotes himself ardently to his studies and wins honours. He falls in love with his cousin, Miss Godwin, and a mutual engagement follows. It is soon broken off by her in consequence of a letter she had received from his mother, warning her "to make a friend of Gaston, but nothing more." In despair the young man travels, meets a Miss Smith, an heiress with some beauty, and wins her consent, having himself lost a large sum in play. In the midst of this fascination he learns that his former love, Miss Godwin, is dying for him; he hastens to her to witness her death. Mental anguish brings on a fever—(every hero in a novel has a fever)—and when he recovers and returns to claim the hand of Miss Smith, he finds that she has gone off with a lord. Thus he is disappointed of two brides and a fortune, and the reader will probably be inclined to say that it served him right. Poor and depressed, he takes to philanthropy, and dedicates his life to schemes of benevolence. Let us hope that, although this novel does not end with marriage, he lived happy ever after.

This outline of the story conveys no fair conception of the merits of the book, which lie in the brilliancy of the writing. It sparkles with wit, and if only as a succession of graphic sketches of persons and places—of life as it is at home and abroad—it deserves to be read, and will reward perusal.

*A Will and a Way* is recommended by an easy gentlemanly style, and a singular freedom from the hacknied arts of novel writers. The tale is made up of a series of incidents rather than a regular plot, ending in the consummated happiness of a hero and a heroine. This, to be sure, is an old device; but the treatment is fresh, and that would be a novel indeed which did not include a courtship and wind up with a marriage. In the opening chapters the author has utilised his familiarity with Mexico. In this work, Mr. Coke gives evidence of a marked improvement in style since the appearance of "*High and Low*" and "*A Ride over the Rocky Mountains*." Both *A Will and a Way* and "*Gaston Bligh*" are hopeful symptoms of a new era in novel writing, seeing that they are issued in two volumes instead of the time-honoured, orthodox three.



*The Galley Slave and his Daughter* is founded, as the authoress tells us, "on French Protestant history;" it is intended to illustrate the period of that history when the reformed religion, in its darkest hour, was suffering under the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the terrible *dragonades*. The subject has already been copiously treated by many very able pens, and it is not long since M. Bungener published a clever work, in which it was admirably handled. Through Mrs. Thompson's performance, however, a spirit of religious sincerity is everywhere apparent, and the characters and incidents are set forth with considerable dramatic skill.

*Night and Day; or, Better Late than Never.* By John Bennett. (Ward and Lock.)—A humorous picture of low life, a sort of elaborated farce, very amusing, very clever, and extremely well adapted for railway reading.

*Catherine Randolph.* Edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig (Hodgson), is the new volume of the "Parlour Library." It is the posthumous work of a Miss Harriette Campbell, whose premature death has deprived the world of a genius which would have obtained distinction.

*A Few Hints to Cottage Brides* (London: J. and C. Mozley) contains a little good advice to the wives of poor men upon their moral, religious, and social duties. A home to be happy must be comfortable, and this truth the author of these pleasant and useful little tracts seems fully to understand. It should be sown broadcast through the towns and villages of England.

*My Three Little Guests; or, a Visit to Ventmore* (London: J. and C. Mozley) is an innocent trifle for children, and about children.

*Poor Rates* (Dublin: Madden and Oldham) is directed against a law which has by some been designated "a curse to Ireland." We cannot, of course, pronounce upon the justice of this accusation.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Poems of Ossian, Bard of Erin.* By JOHN H. SIMPSON. London: Bosworth and Harrison.

*Melancholy, and other Poems.* A new edition, revised and re-arranged. By THOS. COX. London: Saunders and Otley.

*The Hundred Days of Napoleon.* Poem, in five cantos. By ARCHIBALD BELANEY. London: Hall, Virtue and Co.

*The Curse of Schamyl, and other Poems.* By FRANCIS FITZHUGH. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

*Poems and Songs.* By THOS. NEWBIGGING. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

*Ossian, Bard of Erin*, will scarcely revive or make interesting the question whether Macpherson's poems were his own daring invention, or fragments of Erse poetry. Their popularity has passed away; modern taste does not recognise them, even though Gray admired and the great Napoleon placed them among his favourite readings. At the time Macpherson wrote he was accused of altering Irish songs and foisting them on the public as almost literal translations from the early minstrelsie of his own country. In 1805 a committee of the Highland Society of Scotland was appointed to inquire into the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, and not a single poem could be found similar in title or tenor to those of Macpherson. Mr. Simpson has strengthened and confirmed the report of this committee by the publication of the book under notice. We are told to believe, and we have no reason to question the statement, that the Ossian and Fenii of Erin are the Ossian and Fingal of Macpherson, and on these were founded "that splendid fabric of imposition" which, if we remember correctly, excited the incredulity of Johnson. Mr. Simpson's position amounts to this: that Macpherson adopted some of Erin's heroes of the third century, transferred them to Caledonia, and at the same time made them contemporaneous with Christ. Now, we are at a loss to know whether Mr. Simpson lays most stress on the imposition or the ignorance of Macpherson, for he admits that "the Highlands of Scotland would, in course of time, adopt the heroes and songs of Erin, and vice versa." So that Macpherson may not, after all, have fabricated his famous poems, but have found them, or at least portions of them, floating as traditions among his countrymen! It is quite

certain that Macpherson did not choose to satisfy the curiosity of the public, and he died the author of a secret not quite so jealously guarded as that of Junius. He certainly did the Irish injustice by declining to produce the originals of his translations. It was this mystery which added celebrity to poems which mingle tenderness and a certain grandeur with wearisomeness of metaphor. There are less abruptness and wildness in the examples of Ossian given by Mr. Simpson than those fabricated or adopted by Macpherson; but that they will excite a tithe of the interest awakened by the poems of Ossian is out of the question. This we affirm apart altogether from their merits, and on no other authority than a knowledge of what suits the national taste. But there are many persons, and among them ourselves, who heartily thank Mr. Simpson for the exercise of that patience, research, and poetic aptitude indispensable to a rehabilitation of the Fenian heroes. Every country has had its fictional as well as its real warriors, and the preservation of their exploits serve to keep active the heroic aspirations of the living. On this ground alone these old songs concerning the Fenii of Erin have a peculiar value. But we have perused these stories for other reasons, and found abundant pleasure in the opulence of their invention. Some of them have like interest with stories in the "Arabian Nights." "A Grecian princess comes to Erin" is such a story, and some portions of it are wonderfully rich in poetry. The illustrations have a refinement, correctness, and, we may add, luminousness which forces upon us a fact sufficient to check any intellectual conceit. Depend upon it our modern minstrels are not the giants they fancy themselves in comparison with the bards who sung, centuries ago, the exploits of Fionn.

*Melancholy, and other Poems*, have been, so we are assured by the author, "revised and re-arranged;" we wish they had been thoroughly revised, for the sake of many touches of exquisite poetry which gleam through a mass of crudities. Mr. Cox, we take it, is young; at any rate his verses betoken inexperience, and, we are sorry to add, an inexcusable amount of carelessness. There is much rough unpolished power about Mr. Cox's muse. It is precisely that kind of power which distinguishes the minstrel from the rhymist. Show us a rough diamond, and prove it to be so, and we know that the skill of the lapidary can work out brilliancy from the dull and seemingly valueless stone. The satisfaction is, that such a stone is sure to pay for the time and toil and patience of working. Under the hard rugged crust sleeps that which may buy a kingdom. Under similar roughness lies the hope we have of Mr. Cox. But a great poet is always a great artist, and until Mr. Cox learns this fact he may even utter grander thoughts and still be a very imperfect poet. The poem of most pretension in the volume is "Melancholy," and here the author is seen in the full lights and shadows of his characteristics. Its capricious measure certainly mars the effect of pictorial vividness. But when the measure is not capricious, but fixed and determined, as in the Spenserian poem entitled "Spring," Mr. Cox neglects the very simple rules of accent. The consequence is, that fine and fertile description has an external flaw, small it may be, but still sufficient to mingle regret with our contemplation of the beautiful. Mr. Cox can hardly understand, we think, how much he has lost by allowing a suspicion of his carelessness to mingle with admiration of his talent. We may take a few examples, almost at random, for they are plentiful. The poet spoils an entire verse by this single line:

Decked in verdure from the All-bounteous hand.  
Now, how simply the correct accent could have been preserved by transposing the words to  
In verdure decked, &c.

Again:  
Bilthe warblers now their latest notes supply  
From the holly bough; and the tinkling bell  
Sounds strange and solemn as all voices die.

This is unpardonable. At the very moment the poet is writing of the melody of birds and bells, he is shamefully neglecting the music of accentuation.

Again:  
'Tis pleasant to watch the gentle stream.  
Whoever attempted before to make "pleasant" three syllables? The worst of it is that perverse persons, who believe in Webster and Walker, will read the word as two syllables, so that the poet's line will seem a miserably limping affair. Cer-

tainly the best portions of the volume are the sonnets. They are not quite free from the faults we have named, but they possess fervour, stateliness, and richness of idea. We give the first which comes to hand, but it will show of what sterling stuff Mr. Cox is made:

Lavinia sat within a leafless bower,  
And view'd old Winter to the north retreating;  
All sad and silent in the twilight hour,  
She heard the nuns their matin hymns repeating.  
Sore sick at heart, and pulses wildly beating,  
She wandered forth upon a dreary moor,  
Where the loud hum of sea and river meeting  
Re-echo'd faintly 'long the rocky shore.  
From the pale east the sun shone on the billows,  
As through the morning mist young Spring descended,  
And round old Nature's face her arms extended,  
When all the brooks went laughing 'neath the willows;  
Down a green valley by a murmuring stream,  
Rose up the primrose to the genial beam.

It may be said that ours is a mere verbal criticism. We know it, and we purposely made it so for two reasons—first, that Mr. Cox presumes on success, because his poems have been "revised;" and secondly, because his faults lie on the surface of his pages. It is astonishing how little effort might have made Mr. Cox an excellent poet, and yet that little has been neglected.

*The Hundred Days of Napoleon* appears to us, after a careful perusal, to be a poem distinguished for flippancy rather than power. This we ascribe to the character of the verse and not to the weakness of the poet. Mr. Belaney can hardly hope to revive successfully what the genius of Scott exhausted. For many reasons, but chiefly for its romantic nature, Marmion is better suited to the octo-syllabic verse than Napoleon. Unfortunately this form of verse tempts the facility of the minstrel, and the consequence is, that rapid utterance is often mistaken for forcible expression. The scene of Mr. Belaney's poem opens in the island of Elba, with the escape of the fallen emperor, and ends on the field of Waterloo. Much of the information has been gleaned from Alison, and if we may urge any objection against the use of that information it is, that it is too detailed. Poetry should deal more with general effect, with the thrilling entirety of the battlefield, and not with a repetition of a series of manœuvres or a categorical list of brave men who rushed into the fiery struggle. Portions of Mr. Belaney's situations multiply themselves too frequently; indeed, the character of one charge of cavalry, or the disciplined compactness of a body of infantry advancing or retreating, is much alike, though the field of battle be Vittoria or La Haye Sainte. Such drawbacks are inseparable from the task Mr. Belaney has assigned himself, undividable perhaps from the historic growth of the "hundred days," and therefore they must not be taken as evidence of the weakness of the minstrel. Indeed, with a theme so momentous, a subject whose chief facts were contemporaneous with the youth of many of our readers—and which must always be to the disadvantage of the poet—we have a poem of more than usual interest, of more than usual metrical ability. The poet evinces enthusiasm, without which a subject of this kind would be hopelessly dull. He exhibits also the usual amount of British pride—we had almost written conceit—pardonable in a costermonger, most of all in a poet who sings the victories of his country.

Mr. Fitzhugh proved himself long ago a graceful versifier, and now his *Curse of Schamyl, and other Poems*, show more breadth of conception, more consciousness of strength. The first poem, from which the volume derives its title, is not suited to the taste of those who delight to feed on sentimental rhymes, as bees love to feed on summer flowers. The rhythm is wild and irregular. In metaphorical opulence, perhaps even slightly in manner, it reminds us of Ossian's poems, but not so much so as to detract from the merit of the author. Nice young ladies, who believe that the affections were really given to mortals for higher purposes than to be sneered at by fortune-hunting papas, will be exceedingly pleased with a poem called "Clava." It is a pretty little dream of a forest glade—oh, the rare flowers and ferns and leaves of our old English glens!—of lovers who are parted only for the rapture of being brought together again, and of respectable fairies who have the good taste to

Join the hands of mutual love.

There are a few other poems in the volume, all of which show metrical ability.

*Poems and Songs*, by Thomas Newbigging, may be best compared to gleams of sunlight darting into our room and finding out its dark corners. Life and liveliness seem to be the characteristics of this poet. He is always genial, always melo-

dious, no matter whether he is writing in Scotch or English. We wish that books of this kind more frequently found their way into the homes of the poor.

*The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.* Edited by ROBERT CARRUTHERS. 2 vols. Vol. I. A new edition revised. London: Bohn.

THE edition of Pope's Poetical Works, by Carruthers, has been highly reputed for the accuracy of the text and the value of the notes and commentaries. It has become a standard book, and Mr. Bohn has therefore introduced it into his "Illustrated Library," not merely printed beautifully, in the most convenient size for reading, but adorned with seventy-one engravings on wood. It is within easy attainment for every library, and what library would be without the works of Pope?

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Letters of a Betrothed.* London: Longmans. 1858.

We quite concur with the author, or editor, of this volume when, in his preface, he terms the generality of love letters "ridiculous;" but we are not, therefore, persuaded that any amendment in that respect is desirable. A great philosopher has compressed the result of his examination into the profound subject of love into this remarkable saying: that "to love and be wise is scarce possible even for the Gods." We may assume, therefore, that for some reason or other—perhaps because they are stunned by their fall into love; perhaps because it is a sweet intoxication of the senses—it is at any rate certain that when two persons fall into the category of lovers, they usually take leave of that habit of calm judgment which is commonly called common sense. Even Solomon himself confessed that this was one of the four problems which baffled his wisdom; and shall we pretend to be wiser than he? Let us simply take it for a fact, reverently believing that there is some good reason for it, that true lovers talk, and write, and think nonsense, until the delirium has been calmed into the convalescence of marriage, and that common sense and logic are to be found in a lover's brain in an inverse ratio with the fervour of his affections.

The most famous collections of love effusions with which the literature of the world has been enriched have always appeared to us to be very suspicious—to be, after all, mere distortions, or at best pale calotypes, of the original passion. Generally speaking, where a love affair has become famous through the eloquence of either party, it will be found that the reciprocity of the passion is at least doubtful, and that one or other of the parties, finding no satisfactory response in the bosom of the other, has had recourse to pen and paper rather than let all the fine frenzy be wasted in the air. It is clear that a love affair can be only half sincere when one of the persons engaged in it is indifferent or unintelligent; and it is for this reason that the poet who indulges in an unrequited love preserves his mental powers sufficiently to be able to compose good verses on the subject. When once his love is rewarded, his senses forsake him, and away flies the Muse. Take Petrarch and Laura for instance. The affection was entirely on his side: she appears to have been a particularly cool, self-possessed, and proper young person, not at all unwilling to receive the homage of the poet so long as it contributed to her celebrity, but perfectly aware of the imprudence of early marriages with gentlemen of literary tastes, and perfectly capable of keeping the poor fellow at arm's length without the aid of a duenna. She appears indeed to have been the most commonplace person possible; and all that the biographer can find to tell us of her is, that she married a husband who was not Petrarch, and "had a large family by him." Who can believe that Petrarch's passion for such an individual was anything but a convenient hook whereon to hang the splendid work of art,—glorious though a counterfeit,—which so many have taken for the reflection of real passion? Had Laura responded to Petrarch's passion, he would have had something better to do than write sonnets to her.

We could multiply these cases to infinity, and dissect them with the same result. Sappho was desperately in love, no doubt; but was Phaon? Considering the red hair of the lady, and the unfeminine importance with which she forced her passion upon him, we are not surprised

that he was not. No one, we presume, will care to call the letters of Abelard and Heloise pictures of true love. They never began to write until they recovered their senses, and then what was it? As like the natural flower as a dried specimen in an herbarium. No, no; we may be sure of this, that whenever a collection of love letters is anything else but the silliest farrago of nonsense possible, there may be a great deal of good sense, and eloquence, and learning on one side or the other, but of true love there is very little indeed.

Having made up our minds to this, we are the more satisfied to believe that the collection in this volume is not genuine; and, although the letters pretend to be from the lady's side, we do not believe that any feminine brain has been engaged in the composition of them. The idea which a perusal of them calls up in the mind is that of the most unfeminine of all created beings—a strong-minded woman, who believes that fine writing is the only medium for expressing the heart's best affections. The letters from the gentleman are not given, and here we think the editor was wise; for it would be difficult indeed to write letters clever enough to be taken for the compositions of a man whom this clever creature was content to look upon as a superior being. But, in truth (assuming for a moment the business to be genuine), the gentleman must, after all, have afforded but a very pale reflection of the lady's passion; for he appears to have been the pursued and not the pursuer. We know a philosopher who maintains that in every match it is the lady who invariably proposes; by which he means that it is she who first intimates, in some unmistakable manner, to the timid swain that his advances will not be repelled. With such ungallant philosophy we shall have nothing to do; but in the case of which these letters pretend to give the diagnosis it certainly is the lady who proposes. We appeal to a jury of ladies. What would any of them think if she were to see such a letter as this?

Dear Mr. M.—My brother being obliged to go to town to-day on business, and your note requiring an immediate answer, he desires me to say we shall be delighted to join the pic-nic; and bids me ask if you will come in our boat? There is plenty of room; and indeed he thinks you will be very comfortable—more so than in the W.'s boat, as there are only he and I, beside the boatman.

Believe me, dear Mr. M.—, very truly yours,  
HONORIA N—.

Now what is the plain English of this epistle of N. to M.? It is almost an insult to the common sense of the experienced reader to attempt to explain such an obvious challenge as this; but can any one entertain a reasonable doubt that the writer of this letter had desperately made up her mind to have Mr. M.—all to herself, and that she was no less desperately jealous of certain Miss W.—'s, who were to be of the party? Well, what is the result? The pic-nic comes off, and M.—was most probably a little too attentive to one of the Miss W.—'s (she with the fair curls and the blue eyes); at any rate there is a quarrel in the boats on the way home, and M.—goes off in dudgeon. Upon this we have the second letter of the series, and it is positively an apology from Honoria N—:

Forgive me [writes the artless damsel]. Indeed, indeed I did not mean to do so; you must have misunderstood me, and must have mistaken what I meant. I hardly remember what I said; but I know it must have been something very stupid, and very different from the idea I intended to convey. It was such a happy day, and then, all by my silliness, to end so ill!

What! ye defenders of woman's rights, is this to be believed—that a young lady, standing upon the vantage ground of courtship, should be so forgetful of her sex's privilege to tyrannise at that time as to apologise, to confess that she didn't know what she was talking about, to accuse herself of saying "something very stupid," and to admit the possibility of having been guilty of silliness? It is not credible.

At any rate, this letter seems to have rather brusqué the affair, for the next note from the lady begins: "And so you really love me?" and ends: "Well, I love you, I feel how much, but I cannot say it—not how exquisitely and intensely happy your letter has made me." After this, all merges into fine writing; the object of the lady being evidently to give her intended a taste of her quality in that respect. Here, for example, is as fine a specimen of *amour en bergamotte* as need be desired:

Such a May and June as we have had! May, all mild, and balmy, and virginal; with fresh, glittering, pearly mornings; warm, bland noons, and still, sweet evenings; the golden day gradually and almost imperceptibly merging into the silver night. From day to day you could trace her steps in the woods, the gardens, the lanes, the meadows, as she touched into leaf and blossom each tree, and shrub, and hedge-row, and gave wings to millions of insects, voice to millions of birds.

Now here we fall into a difficulty. If, as the editor of this collection seems to suggest, the country damsel ought to select topics like these, and draw the sources of her inspiration from the material objects which surround her, what is the town damsel to do? Is she to describe, in impassioned language, the hackney-cabs and policemen which pass her window? Shall she be enthusiastic about the itinerant potato-can which steams opposite her window? Must "Poor Dog Tray," as played upon the barrel-organ, fill her with rapture? Yet these are the things which stand to her in the same relation as the trees, meadows, and songs of birds do to the rustic Celia.

But enough: these letters are not genuine, they bear their condemnation upon their face; and, to our mind, they are infinitely less suited to the expression of true love, than the silliest collection that ever excited the laughter of an audience when commented upon by a *nisi prius* lawyer.

*The London Pulpit.* By JAMES EWING RITCHIE. Second Edition. London: Tweedie.

THIS little work presents a brief cosmopolitan view of the religious developments of the London population, with lively characteristic sketches of some of the popular preachers of the different sects. The introductory chapter on the religious denominations of London is valuable as a statistical account of the numbers of each denomination, and its requirements and means of Church accommodation. It also contains remarks on the different systems of Church government, and a general review of the character and tendency of the London population with respect to religious observances.

The popular preachers of whom sketches are given are the Revs. J. M. Bellew, Dale, Liddell, Maurice, Melvill, Villiers, Baldwin Brown, Binney, Dr. Campbell, Lynch, Morris, Martin, Brock, Howard Hinton, Sheridan Knowles, Baptist Noel, Spurgeon, Dr. Cumming, Dr. James Hamilton, W. Forster, H. Terson, Cardinal Wiseman, Miall, Dr. Wolff. Perhaps this is not the selection that many persons would make, and some might ask why are so and so introduced, and so and so omitted? But this is the author's selection; and after perusal of the sketches, every one must acknowledge that almost, without exception, each of the men brought under review has earned for himself some title to public notice. No doubt, on some future occasion, the author will publish another series of sketches of popular preachers, and supply the omissions from the present volume.

The style of Mr. Ritchie is always lively and fluent, and oftentimes eloquent. It comes the nearest to Hazlitt's of any modern writer we know. His views and opinions are always clear, manly, and unobjectionable as regards the manner in which they are set forth. Many, no doubt, will not agree with them, but none can be offended at them. As we have already remarked, Mr. Ritchie does not write as a sectarian, and it is impossible to collect from the treatise to what sect he belongs. The tendency of these sketches is to introduce into the pulpit a better style of preaching than what we have been accustomed to, as the following extracts will show:

Go into the churches of the metropolis any time you like, and the probability is that in more than half the texts will be taken from the Old Testament, and the certainty is that in almost all, all the arguments and illustrations will have a similar source. . . . To break free from all this, to act in the living present, to let the dead past bury its dead, to speak to the men of to-day in the language of to-day, is a great advantage to a preacher, even if it require on his part a little extra care in the composition of his sermons; and no one knows this better than the Rev. Mr. Bellew, formerly of St. John's Cathedral, Calcutta: (pp. 26, 27.)

I have said Binney is not the kind of man born in great cities. You see that in his physical frame: it is also evident in his mental character. Everything about him is free and independent. Whatever he is, he is no narrow-hearted sectarian, shut up in his own creed, having no sympathies outside his own church.



I take it that he sees also a certain kind of goodness in the world; that he does not feel

"What a wretched land is this  
That yields us no supplies."

That he thinks life is to be enjoyed, and that genius and wit and beauty are far from sinful in themselves. The result is, Binney's experience of life is greater than that of most ministers, and he keeps abreast of the age. He studies to understand its thought, to answer its questionings, to lead it up to God: (p. 80.)

The Rev. Baldwin Brown's distinguishing characteristic is freshness. There is nothing stale or conventional about him. He evidently preaches what he thinks. His speech is a living speech, not a monotonous repetition of old divinity. He has wandered out of the conventional circle. He has come in contact with great minds. He has had a richer experience than generally falls to the lot of the divine. He views things broadly, and in a manly manner—not from the narrow platform of a sect. His faith is a living one. The questions of our age, not of past ages, he discusses in the pulpit. The day that passes over him is the day to which he devotes his energies: (pp. 88, 89.)

Men who preach to me must not wrestle with extinct devils, but with real ones. What I want is light upon the living present, not upon the dead and buried past. Around me are the glare and splendour of life—beauty's smile—ambition's dream—the gorgeousness of wealth—the pride of power. Are these things worth living for? Is there anything higher and better? And if so, how can I drown the clamour of their seductive voices, and escape into a more serene and purer air? (p. 167.)

Mr. Ritchie has done well in holding up such qualities as above described to esteem and admiration. What amount of good might be accomplished by preaching addressed to the wants of the age, may be inferred from that produced by the present comparatively used-up conventional style. Men must be preached to, not preached at; their minds must be engaged, not their prejudices shocked.

On the whole, these sketches may be recommended as most readable and practical; and the reader cannot fail to acknowledge Mr. Ritchie's merits, while his mind is interested with his vigorous delineations and the freshness and freedom of his views.

*A Handbook of Political Economy.* By SIGMA. London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1858.

If Mr. Ruskin should still happen to be in that state of ignorance which he confessed to be in when he addressed himself to the task of teaching the Political Economy of Art to the citizens of Manchester, we can heartily recommend to him this useful little manual. It seems to us, for the most part, based upon sound principles, and may therefore, be read with infinite profit by those frothy disputants and shallow economists who seem to think that the great and difficult science of society is the only one which comes by intuition. We cannot, however, quite agree with the author, that the suspensions of the Bank Charter Act are to be taken as absolutely conclusive proofs that Sir Robert Peel's system has "broken down."

*Town Life.* London: William Tweedie. 1858. If the author of this be fairly amenable to the charge of one-sidedness, we fully believe that he permits the bias to act upon him unconsciously, and that he is a perfectly honest and well-meaning writer. His sketches of the evils of "Town Life" are highly coloured, and are evidently drawn from the streets of some provincial town; yet the lessons given are profitable, and to popularise this little volume among the working classes (to whom it is especially addressed) will be to do good.

*The Antiquities of Athens and other Monuments of Greece.* As measured and delineated by JAMES STUART, F.A.S., and NICHOLAS REVEIT, Painters and Architects. Third Edition, with Additions. London: Bohn.

This new volume of "Bohn's Illustrated Library" contains seventy-one engravings, exhibiting in accurate proportion the most interesting architectural antiquities of Athens, with descriptions. To the classical reader this work will be very acceptable. To the architect it will be invaluable.

*A Catalogue of the Portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt., P.R.A.* By WILLIAM COTTON, Esq. London: Longmans and Co.

This volume is a supplement to Mr. Cotton's volume on "Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works," published about a year ago. It contains a list of the portraits ascertained to have

been painted by Sir Joshua, with the date of execution, the name of the present proprietor, and of the engraver, if any. Mr. Cotton does not, however, undertake to vouch for the absolute accuracy of the list, and throws a doubt upon some pictures which have hitherto been generally attributed to Sir Joshua. The list enumerates from twelve to thirteen hundred pictures.

*Crime in its Relation to Religious Education and Laws,* by the Rev. GILES PUGH (Wertheim and Co.), is a statement of the author's experiences as a clergyman of the moral condition of various districts, with an attempt to trace the causes of crime, and to prescribe the remedy. He condemns the beer-shops as the sources of great mischief, and he advocates more and better schools, Bible teaching, and visiting of the poor at home, as the most promising means of cure.

In times of great political excitement, when many questions are agitating the national mind, specimens of this kind of literature falls around thick as leaves in autumn. The newspapers, it is true, offer some vent for the outburst of individual opinion, but not sufficient. Here are *Brief Observations addressed to the General Reader on the Basis of the Reformation of our Power in India* (Le Page and Co.), in which "An Old Resident in India" rates both the Government and the Company for the errors in their joint administration.

—In *Justice for India* (R. Hardwicke), "A Plain Speaker" stands forth as the advocate of the Sepoys, and intimates, plainly enough, that we have no business in India at all.—In a few modest pages *On Reorganising the Administration of India* (Effingham Wilson), Captain Moorsom, M.I.C.E., makes some quiet and sensible suggestions to the new form of government.—Capt. Maconochie has addressed a well-written and judicious pamphlet *On Punishment to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, urging his favourite plan which he calls the Mark System, which consists in making prisoners earn their own indulgences and even their own living.

—*Government and Law Saturday Half-Holiday* (Stevens and Norton), is a letter to the Lord Chancellor in favour of the salutary half-holiday movement, extracted from the *Law Times* of the 23rd of January ult.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Art Journal* for February engraves from the Royal Collection two great pictures—"Phillips's Letter-Writer of Seville" and "Fripp's Kilburn Castle." There is also a beautiful illustration of a piece of sculpture by Phrygers, representing the wounded at Scutari. The artist whose works are illustrated is J. F. Lewis, three of whose famous pictures are engraved on wood. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Book of the Thames" is another richly-illustrated contribution.

The *National Magazine* attracts by its numerous and excellent woodcuts, which make it quite a work of art, and they are selected with taste and judgment. The literature, too, is above the average of cheap periodicals.

Mr. Russell's "Narrative of the Crimean Expedition" is now completed.

A specimen of Mr. O'Byrne's "Biographical Dictionary of all living Naval Officers" promises a work of great value. The memoirs are brief, and consist of facts and figures packed together as closely as possible, and more for reference than reading.

Part XVIII. of *Routledge's Shakespeare* contains "King Henry the Fifth," profusely illustrated by John Gilbert, and with extraordinary spirit.

A SENSIBLE MAN.—Christian Rauch, the late sculptor, was never ashamed of the humble beginnings of his career. It is true that he did not seek the opportunity to speak of the time when he wore the lacquey's livery; but, that opportunity once given, he did not shrink from giving utterance to recollections which to a less elevated mind would, perhaps, have been painful. One day, it is reported in the German papers, he accepted an invitation of the court, and was riding to the castle, accompanied by Prince Wistgenstein, in one of the royal carriages. "Your Highness," Rauch smiling said, "has most likely forgotten that I have already had the honour of riding in your company this same road?" "I really have no recollection of the fact," the Prince answered. "Why," was the reply, "that can be easily understood, for it is now more than forty years since; and besides, at that time your Highness rode inside the carriage, and I stood behind!"

A LUCKY AUTHOR.—To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:—The following scrap may be interesting to the book-makers of America. It is from some original material, under the date July 1773, which lately came into my possession:—"Mr. Hawkesworth, author of the 'Adventurer,' has published the several late voyages to the South Sea, from the materials furnished by Commodore Byrnes, Captains Wallace, Cook, &c. These were given into his hands by the Lords of the Admiralty, to digest and publish in the most elegant manner, which is offered in three quarto volumes, at three guineas price. Dr. Robinson received only 4000 guineas for an original work, the 'History of Charles V.,' but Dr. Hawkesworth for this compilation has made the following bargain for himself:—The English booksellers gave him 6000*l.*, and also 200 sets of the books, for the perpetual right of the copy; he has likewise received from a bookseller at the Hague two guineas for every sheet of the work, and the like sum from a Paris bookseller, for the exclusive privilege of printing it in the Dutch and French languages. The Lords of the Admiralty have also made him a present of 1500 guineas, to pay for the copper-plates that adorn these volumes. Dr. Hawkesworth owes this good fortune to Mr. Garrick's recommendation of him to Lord Sandwich, through whose interest he is just now chosen a director of the East India Company. This is mentioned as a striking instance of the liberality of London booksellers to gentlemen whose talents are dedicated to their emolument.—ELISE LEE. New York, Jan. 11, 1858.—*American Publishers' Circular.*

SECOND INTERVIEW WITH HUMBOLDT.—I was glad when the clock struck twelve at last, and I could leave the rattling streets for that quiet corner of the palace in which Humboldt lives. The door was opened, as before, by Seifert, who recognised me at once. "Welcome back!" he cried; "we know where you have been—we have read all your letters! His Excellency has been quite sick, and you will not find him so strong as he was last year, but he is in tolerable health again, thank God! Come in, come in; he is waiting." Opening the door as he spoke, he ushered me into a little library, on the threshold of which Humboldt, who had risen, received me. He was slightly paler than before, a little thinner, perhaps, and I could see that his step was not so firm; but the pale-blue eye beamed as clear and intelligent as ever, and the voice had as steady and cheery a tone. He shook hands with the cordiality of a friend, and after the first greetings were over questioned minutely concerning my travels in the north. But one topic soon suggests a hundred others, and he was ere long roaming at large over the whole field of geography and climatology, touching the farthest and darkest regions of the earth with the light of his stupendous knowledge. The sheets of the new volume of "Cosmos" lay upon the table. "Here is what I have been doing since you were here before," said he, taking it up; "the work will be published in two or three weeks." "You find yourself, then, still capable of such labour?" I ventured to ask. "Work is now a part of my life," said he; "I sleep so little, and much rest would be irksome. Day before yesterday, I worked for sixteen hours, reviewing these sheets." "Are you not greatly fatigued," I asked, "after such an exertion?" "On the contrary," he replied, "I feel refreshed, but the performance of it depends greatly on my state of bodily health. I am unconscious of any mental fatigue." As I saw in the face, and heard in the voice, of the splendid old man, all the signs of a sound, unfailing intellect, I could well believe it. I had prided myself a little on having worked with the brain fifteen hours a day for six months, yet here was Humboldt, in his eighty-ninth year, capable of an equal exertion. The manner in which he spoke of his bodily health was exceedingly interesting to me. His mind, full of vigour and overflowing with active life, seemed to consider the body as something independent of itself, and to watch with a curious eye its gradual decay as he might have watched that of a tree in his younger days. "I have been unwell through the summer," said he, "but you must not believe all you may have seen in the newspapers concerning my illness. They stated that I was attacked with apoplexy, but it was only a vertigo, which soon left me, and has not been followed by any of the usual effects of apoplexy. One result, however, shows that my body is beginning to give way. I have not the same power of controlling my limbs as formerly; the will does not seem to act with the muscles; there is a link broken somewhere, which it is probably too late to restore. For instance, very often, when I attempt to walk straightforward, I do not feel certain that my legs will carry me in a straight line; they may go either to one side or the other, and, though I cannot notice any real want of strength, I feel uncertain and mistrustful. For this reason, I must have assistance when I go up or down stairs. After all, it is not singular that some parts of the machinery should get rusty at my age." Soon afterward, while speaking of Thibet, he referred to a very fine copperplate map, and I noticed that he saw the most minute names distinctly, without the aid of spectacles. But then he has the eyes of a youth of twenty years. Age may palsy his limbs, but it has never looked out of those windows.—*Byard Taylor's Correspondence to the New York Tribune.*

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

A GREAT treat is a good novel, written heartily, naturally, engagingly—one which shall detain you by the fireside, sheltered from the biting east wind. Let it be genial and sunny by all means, leading you into pleasant nooks, adown by pleasant streams, and across scented meadows. But let us not have solitudes either. Let us have a few real men and women, talking naturally, and standing firmly on their feet, not on tiptoe. Let them love, and hope, and fear, and now and then hate one another genuinely. To hate is certainly a great sin; but it belongs to poor humanity, which cannot always tolerate a saint. If we must have flowers, let them not be artificial ones, not of coloured muslin or wax, however pretty they may be; and let the trees wave in the wind without the aid of steel wires. If we must have thunder and lightning, let the elements comport themselves without the aid of sheet-iron and burnt resin. Our torrents, too, must obey the laws of gravity, and wonderful escapes must be made without resorting to trap-doors. Now we think we can honestly recommend to the notice of the reader a novel written upon these positive principles, from the pen of a lady, and all the way from Venice. Madame, or rather the Signora, Luigia Codemo-Gerstenbrandt has written an interesting romance, which she has entitled *Le Memorie d'un Contadino* (The Memoirs of a Peasant.) She states that her story is "all true," and gallantry obliges us to believe her. It is a picture of Italian life and manners, simply and beautifully put on the canvas, without declamation or wild splutter. The countryman relates his own history. He is called Domenico Narcisi, and is born in a little village in the heart of the mountains of Treviso. Of course he is greatly ignorant of the great world, and is as rustic as needs be. From his native village he is all of a sudden removed to Venice, where he opens his eyes very wide—and his heart too. Rustic as he is, he must needs fall in love, and with a lady of no low degree. He overhears the great social gulf, and becomes the husband of Eleanora, Duchess of Taviano. If the poor man's head is a little turned, if he commits some follies, and is now and then ridiculous, it is not to be wondered at. Domenico Narcisi is a lively fellow, by no means a simpleton, and tells his complicated adventures with engaging simplicity. He has humour, mental resources, boldness, a great curiosity of life, a taste for the arts, a good heart at the bottom, and has not been spoiled by Heaven or Fortune. Vice barely touches him. There are two parts in the *Memorie d'un Contadino*. The one is a portrait of that which is local in Italian life. We follow our hero from his native village among the mountains of Treviso to Florence and Naples, where his adventures conduct him. We are presented with a series of animated and original characters—his rustic relations, the old village curé, the Abbé Ornetti of Florence, the old uncle of the Duchess of Taviano, the sweet and pretty Eleanora, the Roman and the Neapolitan, we meet with on the road, and who sketch themselves with a single touch. We see above all the grand part which idleness plays in this life. The Signora presents us with human life as it has come under her observation, and none of her characters make use of rouge to enhance their beauty, or of burnt cork to exaggerate their natural ugliness. The *Memorie* are a history also of the struggles of love and of social inequalities. Let two hearts, hitherto separated by all the differences of rank and position, get suddenly inflamed, and confounded in each other by the impulses of love, and all preaching is at an end. In vain you tell them that between them there is a gulf. They will tell you that this is only a prejudice, and love triumphs. Let Domenico and the Duchess be united, and the first hours are brimful of delight. Neither recognises the social distinction which exists between them. The Duchess is not humbled by the rustic, and the rustic is not overawed by nobility. But the fumes of the intoxicating draught dissipated, both awake to the knowledge of their true position. The *mésalliance* is painfully manifest. Domenico strives to appear a grand gentleman, and signally fails. The very lackeys enjoy his embarrassments. With amiable qualities, and with the

desire to please, there is always an awkwardness in his movements. He has proper instincts of what is expected of him; but he cannot manage his limbs properly, and sits uneasily upon his chair. Then, he does not like to see the care with which his wife preserves the secrets of the family. If his relations in Treviso come to visit him, in his grand Florentine palace, he has to blush for their rusticity. In short, as "love grows old" a thousand incompatibilities reveal themselves; he is vexed and cross-humoured. If a servant enters the drawing-room, and asks his title, he turns fierce against all those who have titles. If some evening he finds, behind the *fenice* of Venice, a lost woman with a child in her arms, in whose veins flow some patrician blood, he lets loose against the aristocracy. He pities the people and their miseries. He is in danger of becoming a demagogue. But his good sense saves him from any outrageous manifestations. The romance has a proper and patriotic tendency, and such writers as the Signora Codemo will do more to unite Italy in sentiment, in her quiet, easy, and natural way, than will a thousand fiery proclamations.

Of another character as a writer is Signor Guerrazzi. He has too much caprice and wickedness within him. His intentions are patriotic, but the tendency of his writings is to disunite rather than to unite his countrymen. He is a clever writer—indeed, an amusing writer—as his "Siege of Florence," for example, proves; but he has the faculty of a scuttle-fish, and leaves in his track much inky water. Guerrazzi was for some time a Leghorn advocate. Law possibly gave him an itching to meddle with political matters. He became, in the course of revolutionary events, a kind of dictator. He wrote sharply and bitterly in those days, nay, with a pen dipped in acid sulphuric. He is ironical and fantastic. He has no composing draughts, but words to keep the minds of men in a state of ferment. His last performance is a fiction—*L'Asino* ("The Ass.") Now an ass is evermore an ass, but he can bray sense or nonsense; and, when he pleases, kick adroitly. He is the most sensible brute in creation, next to the elephant, or he is so thoroughly asinine that we have nothing to say in his favour. In any case poor Cuddy is superior to his equine cousins. Not so handsome, because he is an ass; but with tenfold more intelligence. His very obstinacy has a touch of the pathetic in it. He may be lashed, and he brays, "no surrender;" he may be thrashed, and he snorts, "I don't budge." Yet, poor beast, he may be tempted from his way by the aspect of a simple cabbage. Well, the Signor Guerrazzi has given us, not the golden ass of Lucan, but his own ass, a simple-minded beast, who has his dreams as he chews his thistles. Guerrazzi has known the inside of a prison—has some acquaintance with black bread and stale water. He, of all men, is not disposed to write amicably. He is in prison, and there has a dream. We should never suspect prison-dreams to be pleasant ones; on the contrary, we should suspect horrible visions to visit the pillow or the improvising log. He, the advocate, has a dream of the end of the world—such a dream as his countryman Dante and others would never have dreamed, in their most diseased moods. The vision sees men coming to the Last Judgment. In the midst of this confusion, where scattered members have to be brought together, the ass appears as orator, to say his say against the human species. He is the orator of the animals. The lion is too fiery—the tiger too ferocious. There is no animal so self-possessed as the ass. The latter is a sage animal. He is a philosopher; he knows natural history, and all that. He can speak of the Deity and the patriarchs. He is a most accomplished ass, who gives route to Pope, Pagan, and Jesuit. Too wise for us, as an ass, we must leave him. His irony is bitter. Guerrazzi does not go properly to work to heal the wounds of Italy.

The Parisian *littérati* continue to complain bitterly of the wretched condition of the Imperial Library. Numerically rich in volumes, it is almost the poorest library in Europe, measured by its utility to the public, and by its relation to art, literature, and science. Assuming that it contains the almost fabulous number of 1,200,000 volumes and pieces claimed for it by

some, a large deduction must be made for duplicates, triplicates, down to quintriplicates and septuplicates even, as the library was the spoil of many libraries at the time of the revolution. Deduct, again, some thousands of theatrical pieces and brochures unknown and unread; deduct multitudes of ephemeral pieces, which it possesses, but which the astutest librarian of the establishment cannot lay his hand upon—deduct all these, and its actual wealth is not 400,000 volumes; and of these there are not, possibly, half the number representing the literature of the Europe out of France. It has never been collected with system; its large dimensions have resulted from spoilage and haphazard. We have made it our business to inquire of some of the best informed of the *habitués* of the reading-room of the Imperial Library, but have been unable to discover that any branch of science is well represented. This may result from the fact that the French people are an essentially gregarious people. They hear only their own bleat, and respect only their own wool. Our respected friend "Atticus" attributes their union to the mathematical tendencies which make them timorous, and induce them to herd together. We attribute their union to the Gallic bleat. In no country are the languages, saving the classicals always, so little cultivated. English and German authors are known and read greedily, but nearly always in the form of translation. To the great multitude the languages of the Continent are so many utterly unknown tongues. But France, always so boastful of her love of literature—and with good reason, for no country in this respect has conferred more benefits upon mankind—has been limited also by her poverty in keeping her chief library "up to the mark." Her acquisitions to the Rue de Richelieu are chiefly due to the unpaid-for of her own soil, prepared by her own sons. She respects literary glory greatly, but she respects military glory more. She expends more upon five field-m Marshals than she expends upon books. It is a fact, made patent to the world by the reports of the Minister of Public Instruction, that a sum of about 5500*l.* annually is all that has been voted for the purchase of acquisitions to this establishment since 1848. See the consequence: she allows herself to be outbid by the far poorer kingdom of Bavaria and by our richer selves; she is doomed to behold the collections of her children pass into the hands of strangers. For example: the late Etienne Quatremère, member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and professor in the College of France, left behind him a library of precious books, and more than 1100 original manuscripts, many of which there was none to equal in Europe. The King of Bavaria comes to the knowledge of this, and sends a scientific commission to Paris to examine the collection, and to value it in detail. It was finally acquired for Bavaria at the price of 350,000 francs (14,000*l.*), a kindly purchase. In this bargain were included, besides the unedited manuscripts of Quatremère, five dictionaries of the Arabian, Persian, Syriac, Coptic, and Armenian languages. At the sale of the library of Raoul-Rochette, perpetual secretary of the Academy of the Fine Arts, the British Museum was able to outbid the French government, and to possess itself of the greatest amount of that treasure. Quite recently the Library of Natural History was unable to purchase, at the sale of the Jussieus, a number of works of which it stood in need; and, if the Minister of Instruction had not come to its aid with the paltry sum of 200*l.*, it would not have been able to have acquired, at the price of 480*l.*, the autograph manuscripts of the celebrated botanist Tournefort. The staff of the Imperial Library is maintained at a price which would reflect disgrace on the poorest provincial free library in England. At the time of the Great Exhibition in Paris the staff was augmented in the Rue de Richelieu, in order that the curiosity of strangers might be the better gratified. Now, this institution consists of five departments: 1, the department of printed books; 2, that of manuscripts; 3, that of prints or engravings; 4, that of maps; 5, that of medals and antiquities—divisions similar to those of the British Museum. Well, for all those five departments, the budget for extra-assistance has descended to the modest sum of 320*l.* (less than



the pay of five metropolitan police-sergeants.) The commission now sitting to inquire into the economy of the Imperial Library will be attended, it is to be hoped, with greater advantage to all the *employés*, and with greater facilities to the public.

## FRANCE.

*Les Excentriques.* Par CHAMPFLEURY. Paris: Lévy.

THE title of this work somewhat surprised us. It has so long been a favourite theory among French writers that eccentricity is a peculiar attribute of Englishmen, that we were not prepared to find the quality ascribed to a series of French characters by one of their own countrymen. Indeed, the author himself apologises for the use of the term:

The French (he says) have no right to be called eccentric. When their life is at all deranged, they fall into hallucination, they are treated as madmen, and shut up.

This appears to have been the case with nearly all the personages whom he describes, with the exception (and the exception probably constitutes their claim to the title of eccentric) that they were not shut up. Harmless monomaniacs for the most part, their being at large was attended with no ill consequences to society; and an occasional visit to Bicêtre was enough even for the worst of them. They are the sort of men one meets, or hears of, in every large city—men whose enthusiasm for one idea has rendered them insane about it—discoverers of a panacea for the ills of humanity—apostles of a creed that shall regenerate the entire social system. The history and habits of such men it is always interesting to ascertain. Assuming that “the proper study of mankind is man,” it is well to investigate the exceptional forms as well as the general types of the race; and we owe a debt of gratitude to any one who will take the trouble to seek out and describe any strange varieties of which he may get an inkling.

We, therefore, thank M. Champfleury for his book, and we do so the more cordially because his treatment of his subject is genial and judicious. He writes gracefully, with a keen sense of the humorous, and yet with a kindly feeling for the idiosyncracies of his heroes. In spite of his laughing exposure of their follies, his sympathy with them is strong, and he does not hesitate to confess it:

Every new form of eccentricity that I encounter (he says) disturbs my life for some days. I identify myself with the personage. I suffer from his pains, I rejoice in his joys, I invent his inventions. Thus have I discovered the quadrature of the circle. I have found out perpetual motion. I have made gold. I have perambulated Paris with a little coffin under my arm!

With so keen a love of his subject, it is not surprising that he should have succeeded in collecting so many specimens as he has described in his book. He was always on the outlook for them. A placard on a wall, an advertisement in a newspaper, a pamphlet on a bookstall, was enough to excite his attention, and put him on the track; and when once on the track, no difficulty could discourage him, no lapse of time make him forget his object. Take the case of Jupille.

Walking along the Quai Malaquais one day, M. Champfleury discovered in a box at a bookstall a pamphlet, which he purchased for a son. His notice had been attracted by the following passage, which alone, he says, was worth the money:

The onion is the eye of man. Nature has endowed the onion with so touching a sensitiveness in respect to us, that, when we peel it, it causes us to shed tears, as if to tell us how many tears it shed itself before it was reduced to the condition in which we find it. If man had duly studied the onion, I am sure he would have found it furnished with as many coats as the eye; he would have perceived that the sensitiveness of the onion bore a natural relation to his own eyes. There are onions of all colours, just as there are eyes of all colours.

The pamphlet which contained this delicious theory was in praise of vegetarianism. It purported to be written by one Jupille, whose acquaintance M. Champfleury immediately desired to make. But all his inquiries were in vain, and it was not until the revolution of February 1848, that he succeeded in discovering him. Then, like other would-be saviours of humanity, Jupille

put forth a proclamation of his principles, and signed it with his name and address:

I ran (says M. Champfleury) to the house, and I was surprised to find that it was a simple and modest greengrocer's shop; but its contents were arranged with particular science and skill. In the midst of the window, a huge cabbage displayed its verdant rotundity, and around its head was a virginal crown of fresh eggs. The onions, though of various hue, did not exhibit the touching sensitiveness which Jupille ascribes to them; at most their shining envelopes made one wink. The turnips advanced in serried ranks, supported by a rearguard of red eggs, behind which bristled crimson battalions of carrots. Milk and cream slept peacefully in pans of polished earthenware; and the whole was intermingled with green herbage, that served to harmonise the otherwise discordant colours of the vegetables. As a general rule, greengrocer's shops are not of a very consoling aspect; but this would have tranquillised the most uneasy soul.

I entered the shop. A man came to me. It was Jupille. Yes! Jupille, the apostle, was a greengrocer; and, singular to relate, he had put his own system into practice. But still more singular was his physiognomy. Many a fashionable lady would have envied him the red and white of his complexion; and though some of his traits seemed to indicate that he was a man of fifty years, youth seemed to be returning to him, instead of abandoning him. “Well, sir,” said he to me, “you want to know how I do? Like a charm, sir, like a charm. I've grown younger every day since I left off eating meat. Why, sir, I'm so light, I can scarcely feel myself. My only fear is that I shall one day be blown away by the wind, like a straw. I suppose you're a meat eater, a bone-picker, eh? You won't live long. You may say what you like, you may call me a fool if you please—and you won't be the first person that has done so, by a great many—but vegetables are the only true food of man. Oh! if I only had the means, my system would very soon succeed. I'd give dinners gratis; I should soon have plenty of proselytes. But I'm not rich, so I've bought this greengrocer's shop, and I'm as happy as a king. All day long poor people come to me to buy vegetables: they'd eat meat if they could get it—it's not for want of the will that they don't buy it; but I sell them vegetables almost at cost price, and lecture them as well as I can. Then some of my customers are cooks in families—ignorant wenchies! but they listen to me, though I don't say they always understand me. I've given them some special recipes of my own composition for sauces that would persuade a corpse to eat vegetables: and so I get on. People don't patronise the butcher so much since I've set up in this street; but they patronise him still a great deal too much to please me. I'm not an ill-natured man, but it would be a great happiness to me if all the butchers were to fail on one day: I should like to see them compelled to eat up their own beasts, and then finish by eating each other!”

M. Champfleury, “after four hours of astonishing conversation,” left Jupille with regret. We do the same; but Jupille is only one of a series, and not the most interesting. There is Jean Journet, the apostle of Fourierism, who, by his fearless vehemence and wonderful vocabulary, reminds us of some of the political enthusiasts of the time of Cromwell. There is Lucas, who has squared the circle, and wages war against the scientific bodies who refuse to credit his discovery. There are Berbiguier, the victim of cartooning; Rose Marius Sardat, the inventor of a new scheme of social organisation; and Cambriel, who has nearly succeeded in obtaining the philosopher's stone, and offers a bonus of 250 per cent. to any one who will lend him a little money just to complete his experiments. It is strange to read of a man advertising in the public prints for a loan for such a purpose in the middle of the nineteenth century; and stranger still to find that the advertiser honestly intended to apply the money, if he got it, to that purpose. But this poor enthusiast seems to have been as earnest and simple-minded as any alchemist of the middle ages; and in spite of the pestilential smells which issued from his laboratory, he was so much respected and beloved by his neighbours, that when he fell ill they would not suffer him to be taken to a hospital, but tended him themselves. During his illness he was caught pouring his physic into a crucible, in the hope of converting it into gold.

The second part of the volume is of a livelier cast, as it deals not with persons suffering from more or less aberration of mind, but with street celebrities, or, as our author calls them, “The Great Men of the Gutter.” In this series, we have Cadamour, “the king of models,” who began with David and the painters of the Republic, and ended with Delaroche and the Romantics; Miette, the itinerant vendor of corn-plasters and Persian tooth-powder, one of whose speeches is faithfully reported; Bug-Jargal, the literary undertaker's

man, who, having inherited no name of his own, adopted that of the hero of one of Victor Hugo's romances; and other equally entertaining personages. But the best of all, perhaps, is the sketch of Canonnier, a hirsute artist of the hairy school, so rife in Paris about the year 1830. Henri Murger has deservedly acquired a great reputation as the historian of these Bohemians; but the following incident, with which we close our notice, is at least as characteristic of their mode of life as any that he relates:

One morning Canonnier and his friends had gone into the country, under the pretext of admiring nature, but really because not one of them had breakfasted. Each hoped to find an unguarded orchard, for in an unguarded orchard it is always possible to assuage the pangs of hunger. When they had walked about three miles, they lay down to rest on the grass near a farmyard. A hen unadvisedly passed near them.

“What a lovely hen!” exclaimed one of them. “A hen makes capital broth,” observed Canonnier. “Excellent for weak stomachs,” said a third. “I have suffered from a weak stomach for some time,” said another, timidly. “I should like to eat that hen,” said the boldest of the party, audaciously. “And to think that we have no money!” groaned Canonnier.

Without further remark, one of them, as if accidentally, threw some crumbs of bread which he found in his pocket in the direction of the hen. The poor creature, which until then had found very little substantial sustenance in the road, eagerly pecked up the bread, and gradually drew nearer the group. All at once a stifled cry was heard; the hen had disappeared.

“Dear me! where is she?” said Canonnier, ingenuously. His friends made no reply, but took themselves off with the utmost rapidity. On reaching the common domicile, it was decided that the hen should be eaten the next day with proper solemnity. Meanwhile, she was shut up in a box. On the following morning, great was the astonishment; she had laid an egg!

It was immediately suggested that her life should be spared until she had laid eggs enough to supply each of the party with two, to be eaten at the same time as the hen herself. This suggestion was adopted by acclamation. In the interval, the hen was allowed to wander at will through the studio; and some few days before her death, Canonnier determined that she should sit to him, as natural objects, he said, were very difficult and very expensive to be procured. The unfortunate hen accordingly was converted into a model; and the walls of the studio were soon hung with sketches of her in crayons, water-colours, and oils. At length, however, the festive morn arrived; the hen had laid the requisite number of eggs, and was taking her last walk, when two lean cats, lank and grisly, dashed through the half-open door, fell upon the unhappy fowl, and strangled her. Canonnier, who was in the room, beheld the catastrophe; with a bound he shut the door, snatched the palpitating body from the voracious intruders, and slew them with his maul-stick.

The repast that day was sumptuous indeed!

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Feb. 27.

THE absence of the English from Paris for some time past has led to many complaints from the tribe of tradesmen, hotel-keepers, *et hoc genus omne*, who live upon the spoils of travellers in general, and Englishmen in particular; and the total cessation of arrivals for the last week or two has increased the alarm to a perfect panic. The blustering *gascnade* of the French colonels, and the discussions upon the Conspiracy Bill, bear much of the blame of this; but the new passport regulations have raised a complete storm of indignation, regarding them, as these disinterested citizens do, as so many barricades set up by their police to arrest the steps of their customers, and keep them from coming to Paris. They ask, not without justice, what Englishman in the habit of running over to Paris for a week or fortnight, when a passport was to be obtained without trouble on the payment of a few shillings, will take the trouble of going before a magistrate furnished with witnesses and proofs of his identity? The proceedings before the police authorities in London are all translated and devoured with avidity, filling the hearts of restaurateurs, jewellers and milliners with despair. For this numerous class of *industriels* are all the most devoted admirers of honest “Bull,” whose easiness in parting with his money, once he loses sight of the cliff of Dover, is unequalled in folly and profusion. Judge, then, of the feelings of those accustomed to profit regularly by this insane extravagance, to find it suddenly stopped up. The fact however is, that several of the best hotels, accustomed at this

season to see every apartment let and bespoken two or three deep, are now without a single English tenant. The only establishment of the kind in Paris doing well is said to be the Hotel du Louvre, which is, however, supported by Americans and Russians.

The Parisian tradesman cares very little about despotism, though loving in his heart a little brag about *la liberté*; but once touch his pocket, and he will talk even under Napoleon III. The Government will scarcely remain blind to the discontent this absence of the English from their capital creates, and it is supposed a relaxation of the vexatious passport system lately prescribed will soon take place.

The fall of the Palmerston régime caused far less sensation in Paris than might have been expected. To the masses the name of his lordship had been looked upon in times gone by as a kind of bug-bear to naughty absolutist kings; but he had talked so largely, and done so little, that the strugglers for liberty had long ceased to hope for anything at his hands. The noble lord's bouncing speeches had at first led many into peril by encouraging them to act, in the hope of assistance—assistance which never came, and in fact never could come from England without the country was prepared to support his oratory by going to war. His glowing speeches and the idle cheers of the House of Commons were therefore something worse than impudent, they were cruel! As an active, able member of the cabinet, Lord Palmerston is considered here to be a valuable servant of the Crown, but as entirely out of place as prime minister, for which he had neither dignity of character, recognised high principles, nor, above all, that steady adherence to truth which is required to give authority to the words of a statesman who speaks in the name of the Government of England—the highest honour, perhaps, in the present state of the world, that any human being—conscious of the importance and grandeur of the part he is called upon to play—can attain to. But this consciousness Lord Palmerston never possessed. Not all the hyperbolic eulogiums of his morning and evening parasites, poured forth day after day, could ever persuade the world that Palmerston was a great man. Ready, brilliant, witty, with all the fluency peculiar to his country; but of moral sense and principle he was more destitute than even Irishmen usually are.

### ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

*The Vatican and Capitoline Museums—The Christian Museums—Antiquarian Discoveries—Overbeck—Festivities of Christmas—Theatres—Literature—The Academy of St. Luke, and Study of Sculpture.*

(Concluded from p. 90.)

We had a Christmas here that seemed a glimpse of spring in December, as if all nature were rejoicing in the great festival of Christianity. The Papal High Mass attracted multitudes of every class, and endless was the stream of vehicles, from state chariots to the vulgar hackneys, that slowly made its way in returning across the bridge of St. Angelo. Yet St. Peter's did not look crowded, for such architecture always dominates over and subdues whatever throngs may fill its spaces. The vocal music was not very impressive, little else than a severe monotonous chant, throughout this service, but for the interruption when its holiest action is proclaimed by the sublimely swelling strains of the clarions. Pius IX. has abandoned the practice of celebrating the night of this vigil at St. Maria Maggiore, and now only assists at the rites in the Sistine Chapel; but solemnities were held, nevertheless, at that basilica, lasting from three a.m. till sunrise, with all the pomp possible in the absence of highest dignitaries. The same illumination as when the Papal "cappella" was held here shed floods of lustre from altars, colonnades, and pictured walls, through those majestic aisles; the music was grandly exalting; nothing theatrical or tawdry was admitted, and the character of the whole celebration was of mystic and solemn splendour. Interesting was it to watch its effect on the devout groups of peasants (many in strange costume) who formed the great body of the congregation, kneeling at different altars, or gazing in silent wonder at the gorgeous shrine containing the relics of the "Santa Cuna." One I noticed, alike devoutly absorbed but of different aspect,

supposing him at first to be a pilgrim or foreign priest, till on a fuller view I discovered in my neighbour no less conspicuous a personage than Overbeck. For this festival was first exhibited at St. Maria Maggiore, on the balustrades of the high altar, a series of statues carved in wood, and lustrously gilt, lately presented by the Pope to the Chapter, being six figures of angels supporting candelabra, designed with a beauty and freedom that at once evince the workmanship of a superior hand. Their artist is Galli, a well-known Roman sculptor, and the gilding was assigned to Fiorentini of Imola, who used a method of his own invention, also introducing borders of richly-coloured enamel-work round the draperies. On the same occasion was seen, for the first time in this sanctuary, a finely-woven carpet with the Papal arms in the centre, sent to the Pope by Count du Mortier from Belgium, and also presented by his Holiness to the Chapter of this basilica.

In Rome we have no such classic and substantial viands for Christmas as in England; but the Anglican mince-pie is constantly insinuating itself into favour here. The customary dainties dedicated by Italians to this season bear no comparison with those of John Bull, though immeasurable are the sugared surfaces now covering booths in the streets, and tables in the *cafés*, with their supply of hard-baked sweetmeats, to be reprobated as veritable conspiracy against teeth and digestions; yet it would be unjust to leave without notice such southern curiosities as the wild boar and the porcupine, now exhibited daily at the market near the Pantheon, with promises more consolatory for Roman good cheer. It is generally complained that tourists are not, this winter, filling Rome—or rather Roman pockets—to the extent of former precedents; but this lament comes almost with the regularity of the seasons themselves; and among recent arrivals may be noted names familiar to many lands—besides the Dowager Royalty of Spain, Frederika Bremer, lively and vigorous (I am told) as ever; Reumont, author of so many excellent volumes on Italian story or biography; and Lord Vernon, who is said to be preparing a new edition of his Dante. Mrs. Jameson is also expected from Florence, where she has been some time indefatigably engaged on the sequel to her most valuable illustrations of Christian Art.

No respects of season or authority impose silence on *Pasquino*, the original oracle of the 16th century, still living in Rome, nor upon his cotemporary *Marforio*, who prompts or elicits the sallies of impertinence. Taking occasion from the fine Christmas weather, the latter asked the former, "What could be the festival for which all the Romans were preparing now—was it really the *Natale* or *Pasqua*?" "It is Easter, to be sure," was answered; "for don't you see they have taken away the bells?" (*campana* in the Italian, alluding to the observances of Holy Week, when from Thursday to the *Gloria* on Saturday all bells are silent.) The subject is too painful to be treated jestingly, but the fate of the *marquis* whose name corresponds to this Italian word is now a topic of comment or conjecture in every sense and spirit. It is known that he has withdrawn the plea for a trial by the civil court, and that the *Sacra Consul* has decided on referring the case to criminal jurisdiction. An elaborate defence, prepared for him and printed, was not allowed to be published. One Italian periodical states that, with a view to the sale of his Etruscan Museum, he had requested Visconti to estimate its value, and that the amount named by this connoisseur was six million francs. A gentleman named Newton, acting as commissioned by the English Government, wrote a letter engaging to mediate for the sale, which is said to have been produced by the accused in the course of the interrogations. Whatever may be the decision of law, all must feel for the amiable and accomplished English lady who became the wife of Campana only a few years since, and is well known here for her charities as well as the charms of her society.

On the 26th of December were opened four theatres, and on the following night the Apollo Opera-house commenced its campaign with Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*—not a decided success for such a magnate in music. The Argentin Theatre supplies national drama, instead of the Valle, being a much larger and better house. Here the principal actor is Salvini, whose late triumphs in Paris have set the seal to his reputation, and who, in the walks of tragedy and re-

finéd comedy, may be considered the first living actor of Italy. With many physical advantages, a fine countenance, and powerful, harmonious voice, Salvini displays, in his best parts, that unity of conception and sustained power of embodiment that belong only to the great artists of the scene. He, as well as the *prima donna*, Madame Cazzola (a graceful and accomplished actress), were received with fervent goodwill on the first night of their engagement, in Goldoni's *Pamela*, a comedy of much effective dialogue but little action, founded on the novel of Richardson.

On St. John's-day was an artistic ceremonial, intended to honour the name-day of Pius IX., at the Academy of St. Luke, when prizes were awarded for the competition called the Clementine. Monsignor Milesi, Minister of Public Works, &c., conferred the laurels on the successful candidates. All the professors and academicians in Rome attended, and Tenerani, as president, did the honours. The address (which would anywhere else have been assigned to some eminent artist) was given here by a prelate, Monsignor Asinari, a titular archbishop, and prefect of the Vatican Library. He made it, for the most part, an encomium on the now extinct Albani family, particularly on its most exalted scion, Clement XI., who founded the periodical competition called after him. The three cardinals of that house, and their merits as patrons of arts and letters, were then passed in review for eulogy, including the last, who assigned, by testament, a fund for the monument to his benefactor, Pius VIII., the commission for which was given by the present Pope to Tenerani. The first prizes, for painting, sculpture, and architecture, were all bestowed on Roman competitors, the secondary on several other Italians. Besides the scene of this premiation, its *palazzo* near the Forum, the Academy of St. Luke has another locality in the Via Ripetta, a large new house, where eight lectures, on the several branches of art, are delivered weekly, and in the fullest sense public. I might add largely to my last catalogue of recent works of sculpture here, if space allowed a review of all produced in Rome in 1857. The novelty in Mr. Macdonald's studio, "Penelope with the bow," is a seated figure, expressive, together with quiet dignity and grace, of the anxious thought of the moment to which her trials have led the wife of Ulysses. Two American sculptors, long resident here—Mr. Mozier and Mr. Rogers—have drawn subjects from a sphere yet quite new to their art, that of Indian tradition or story; and it is gratifying to see that this art can avail itself of living reality instead of dwelling perpetually amid the dreams of the past. The Pocahontas, the Wept of Wish-ton-wish, and an Indian girl singing a lament at her lover's grave (from one of Bryant's lyrics) are statues by Mr. Mozier that prove how happily such subjects may be adapted to the conditions of plastic treatment; but a group, now being wrought in marble, of the Prodigal Son embraced by the father, seems to me the finest in every respect of his performances hitherto. It calls to mind (though by no resemblance whatever) another impressively beautiful treatment of this theme, a group executed in Rome some years ago by Mr. Theed. Mr. Spence displays a genius truly progressive, and three of his more recent works strike me as of a higher order in conception and poetic presentment than any previously produced by him—a Cupid putting on his quiver; a Psyche with the vase, in a graceful attitude of drooping despondency; and a peculiarly beautiful group, the "Angel's Whisper," illustrating the Irish superstition, equally beautiful, on which Lover has founded a popular ballad. I believe the young American lady who is Mr. Gibson's pupil, Miss Hosmer, has already acquired reputation by works exhibited in England. Her "Beatrice Cenci," asleep in prison on the morning of her execution, is both affecting and very original; another recumbent statue she has recently finished is a monumental portrait, finely treated, of a young lady named Falconet, who died in Rome, and is here represented in that placid ideal repose, between sleep and death, that is surely most suitable for the statuary of the tomb.

C. J. H.

THE FAMILY OF THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.—Lord Palmerston has intimated to Miss Hogg, the eldest daughter of the Ettrick Shepherd, that her Majesty has been pleased, in consideration of her father's genius, to confer upon her a civil-list pension of 40*l.* a-year. A few years ago, Lord Aberdeen bestowed upon Mrs. Hogg, the poet's widow, a pension of 30*l.*, which she continues to enjoy.—*Courant.*



## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

IN a paper "On Molecular Impressions by Light and Electricity," read at the Royal Institution, Mr. Grove explained that he used the term molecule either as signifying the particles of bodies smaller than those having a sensible magnitude, or only as a term of contradistinction from masses. Great progress has been made in molecular physics during the present century. The remarkable relations existing between the physical structure of matter and its effect upon heat, light, electricity, magnetism, &c., had previously attracted but little attention. Take the two agents, light and electricity; their effects depend on the molecular structure of the bodies subjected to their influence. Carbon as diamond transmits light, but stops electricity; but as coke or graphite transmits electricity but stops light. All solid transparent bodies are non-conductors of electricity; and opaque bodies, as black carbon, and the metals which are the best conductors of electricity, are non-conductors of light. But the converse of this class of effects was that to which Mr. Grove wished to direct attention, namely, the changes in the molecular structure of matter produced by light and electricity. The effect of light on plants, on their growth and colour, the bleaching effect of light on coloured bodies, the phosphorescence of certain substances by insolation or exposure to the sun, has long been known, but had led to no further inquiry. L. Euler conceived that light may be regarded as a movement or undulation of ordinary matter; to which an objection was raised by Dr. Young, that if this view was correct, all bodies should possess the properties of solar phosphorus. To this Mr. Grove had replied, that "so many bodies have this property, and with so great variety in its duration, that *non constat* all may not have it, though for a time so short that the eye cannot detect its duration. The fact of the phosphorescence by insolation of a large number of bodies, is in itself evidence of the matter of which they are composed being thrown into a state of undulation, or at all events molecularly affected by the impact of light, and is therefore an argument in support of the view to which objection is taken." And this conjecture has been verified by the experiments of M. Niepe de St. Victor; and the number of substances proved to be molecularly affected by light is so rapidly increasing, that it is by no means unreasonable to suppose that all bodies are in a greater or less degree changed by its impact. Passing to electricity, every day brings fresh evidence of the molecular changes effected by this agent. A beautiful and one of the practical results to science of molecular changes was afforded by the photographs of the moon, by Mr. Warren de la Rue. Mr. Grove suggested on this point a question on the application of adventitious light on astronomical photographs; "Could a better effect be obtained by illuminating the photographic image, and applying microscopic power to that, than by magnifying the luminous image in the usual way by the eyeglass of the telescope?" All the phenomena go to show that light and electricity, in numerous cases, produce a molecular change in ponderable matter affected by them. The modifications of the supposed imponderables themselves have long been the subject of investigation, and the recent progress of science teaches to look for the reciprocal effects on the matter affected by them. Mr. Grove felt convinced that a dynamic theory—one which regards the imponderables as forces acting upon ordinary matter in different states of density, or as modes of motion, and not as fluids or entities—is the truest conception which the mind can form of these agents; but to those who are not willing to go so far, the ever-increasing number of instances of such molecular changes affords a boundless field of promise for future investigation—for new physical discoveries and new practical applications.

At the Royal Geographical Society a paper was read by Mr. Graham describing an expedition in the desert of Hourán, a district to the north-east of Damascus, and which had not been previously explored by Europeans. The results of the journey are the discovery of Es-Sufah, a

volcanic district of such peculiar structure that it has, perhaps, no exact parallel. It may be described as an island of basalt rising out of the desert, its interior intersected with numerous cracks and fissures of great breadth. On the eastern border of Es-Sufah are situated some ancient towns, some of which are as large as modern Jerusalem, found in a great state of preservation, the doors even remaining perfect, and one of the towns being remarkable as built of white stone. The principal feature, however, in this desert is a tract of country where, for a considerable distance, the surface of the plain is covered with loose basaltic stones, polished and rounded like boulders. On the smooth surface of the stones are frequently found figures of animals and inscriptions, some well executed and others of the rudest workmanship. Sir Henry Rawlinson stated that the inscriptions on the stones were in early Phœnician characters, much older than any yet discovered, indicating that they must have been made between 700 and 1000 B.C. The existence of these towns in a desert showed that the country must have undergone great physical changes. The towns are evidently of the same high antiquity as those seen in Bashan, and should the inscriptions be deciphered, some light may be thrown on the history of the early inhabitants of the country.—Mr. H. R. Wallace then read a paper on the Arru Islands, a group in the Avafura Sea, ninety miles south of New Guinea, consisting of one large central island, with a number of smaller ones scattered round it; the largest is about eighty miles long and thirty broad, and is traversed along its breadth by three channels or rivers, dividing it into four portions. The only way of accounting for the origin of these islands is by supposing them to have once formed a part of the main land, from which they have been separated by the subsidence of an intervening district. The distribution of animals, which are the same in Arru and New Guinea, seems to confirm this. The country is richly wooded, and the principal products are tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and birds'-nests.—Mr. Enderby communicated an extract of a journal of the schooner *Eliza Scott*, by Capt. Balleny. The subject of this voyage had been mentioned in the society's Journal, with an account of the discovery of the Balleny Islands, and the attempt to land at Sabrina Land. The American exploring expedition had sighted Sabrina Land, and it had been seen by other vessels. Sir G. Back coincided with Mr. Enderby, that Capt. Balleny is entitled to the discovery of these islands and to the name which they bear.

At a late meeting of the Geological Society, in a paper "On the Evolution of Ammonia from Volcanoes," Dr. Daubeny referred to the existence of a chemical compound of titanium with nitrogen, and pointed out its bearing on one part of the theory of volcanoes, namely, the evolution of ammonia, and the consequent presence of ammoniacal salts amongst the products of their operations. Two hypotheses had been suggested by Bischoff and Bunsen, to which there were serious objections. The affinity, however, which certain metals possess for nitrogen, afford grounds on which to build a theory respecting the production of ammonia. Titanium absorbs nitrogen from the air, and the union of heated titanic acid with nitrogen takes place with so much energy as to generate light and heat, and thus constitutes a case of combustion, in which nitrogen and not oxygen acts as the supporter. Dr. Daubeny, however, did not think that titanium, although present in volcanoes, could be made to account for the large quantities of sal ammoniac that are known to occur; but, arguing from analogy, that metals generally and probably, even hydrogen, might combine directly with nitrogen in the interior of the globe, under conditions of great pressure, and other circumstances likely to modify the nature of those reactions which take place under our eyes.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A general meeting of the members of this society took place on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., at the rooms of the Architectural Exhibition, Gallery of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall. In the absence of Lord Londesborough, Mr. Ex-Sheriff Keats, one of the

Vice-Presidents, took the chair. The Rev. Thomas Hugo then proceeded to read a paper "On the Bell Tower of the Tower of London," which was received with marked attention. Mr. Nichols read a paper on "The Lieutenants of the Tower," and with reference to the dues levied by the lieutenants on all the wine coming into the port of London, exhibited one of the leather bottles, holding about three gallons, in which the wine used to be taken from the vessel to the Tower, two of these being the lieutenant's allowance. Mr. William Tayler read a paper entitled "A Walk through London, from Westminster to the Tower, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

## ARCHITECTURE.

## REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

As the Gothicists are fast getting rid of the old cry about *English Pointed*, and seem inclined to make up a compound of any and all kinds of pointed art as the architecture for England; so the Classicists are resolving on a medley of all sorts, to be circumscribed within an outline of general classic character. Mr. Walters, eminent in Manchester, has put forth a design for the warehouse of the Messrs. Kershaw, &c., in which, having carried up three stories of Græco-Roman, he claps on a fourth of Florentine Byzantine, which he crowns again with a Corinthian cornice, and surmounts the whole with a parapet composition, partially pierced at the ends, and finished with a couple of little urns infinitely provocative of what mischievous boys call a "cock-shy." A view of this appears in the *Building News* for 12th Feb. Admitting the imposing effect of the whole as a sample of street design, we would desire to know what is the intended, or the likely, effect of such a precedent upon the national taste? Is the principle of good design to be harmonious continuity, or abrupt transition? Are we to strike our totals under distinct heads, or only under "bills of parcels?" The latter may be the Manchester way: "*omnium gatherum*;" total, the effect produced. If Mr. Walters had finished his third story with a handsome string-course or plat-band, decorated with what Mr. Ruskin calls the ugliest of all things, a Greek *frette*—had he knocked away his little cubes and knobs, put a range of handsome Greek or Roman windows between his well-conceived pilasters, and finished the whole with a rich balustrade, without the little urns aforesaid—we should have had something, not for Manchester only, but for our national credit; but he must not be correct, because that were commonplace, and the result is an issue which we the more regret because Mr. Walters is no commonplace man. *Havelock's Buildings, Liverpool* (*Building News*, 5th Feb.), may be commonplace enough, but they are up to the occasion; and if the other houses of the street, as shown in the view, were of equal beauty, Manchester would have little cause to regret the employment of Mr. Horace Field.

Mr. C. Gray's *Woburn Chambers, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden*, should be studied by Mr. Walters, of Liverpool. The view of this handsome building, in the *Building News* for Feb. 19, illustrates what we mean by oneness in design. We only wish he had not used the Gothic trefoil under his cornice, nor the little Byzantine embellishments on his chimneys; for we might have had their equivalent without any such petty theft. We also think it had been an improvement to carry down the outlines of the angle piers of his crowning arcade, so as to unite with those of the rusticated piers below. But Mr. Gray's building, as it stands, is eminently bold, beautiful, and artistic; nor can he have more pride in his work than we have pleasure in its eulogy. Such palpable arguments as this are worth a volume of advocacy against the Gothic mania; and we hail with real satisfaction its eloquent appeal on behalf of the classic cause.

In the *Builder* for Feb. 20 is a view of the Bank at New York—a smart, showy thing, of very little critical merit, with scarcely a touch of the artist, except in its door-way, which well unites with the pedestals and parapets of the steps and buttresses up the end of the building very satisfactorily. The remainder is little better

than carpenter's work; monotonous in fenestration, and meagre in relief; representing panelled frame-work rather than solid masonry; and having no expression whatever of permanent security, and therefore none of its purpose as a bank. The high, stilted arches below, and the non-architectural character of the pilastered range above, may indeed be said to harmonise with one another; but that is all we can utter in their favour. The sameness of the four ranges of windows, all save the lower ones circular headed, exhibits at best a timid propriety wholly devoid of invention; while the bold character of the cornice makes the superficial finery of the rest the more objectionable. It may be truly said of this building, that it exhibits sameness without simplicity, and multitude without an effective total. Pretty it is of course, and to the uneducated eye it may be pleasing, or even impressive; but though, as a piece of cabinet-work, it may be a rich addition to the architecture of New York, it is but indifferent as an example of Anglo-American architecture.

In the way of Gothic art, we have first to notice Mr. Street's second rewarded design for the proposed *Cathedral at Lille* (see *Builder*, Feb. 6, 1858); and it is but justice to Mr. Street to quote what the judges say: "To a profound knowledge of pointed art its author adds a rare power of conception, which is shown as well in the details as in the ensemble. We recognise here, at first sight, the work of a great master. In particular, we must fairly congratulate the author on having complied with all the requirements of the programme, and on having faced more boldly than any other competitor the difficulties of employing brick as the material of a monumental edifice. If power rather than grace is the general characteristic of this magnificent creation of art, elegance finds its due place in the ciborium, in which it is combined with a true splendour of ornamentation. After a lengthened consideration, we have unhesitatingly raised this design to the second place; and little was wanting to its mounting to the first." We wish the *Builder* would present us with the ciborium. In what the engraving affords us we may recognise "power," with what would have been "grace" if power had not overloaded it. The blending of the belfries with the spires is admirable; but, when the actual spiral terminations had been so curtailed, and justly so, why did the architect deteriorate from their upward elongation by the gratuitous employment of those Florentine dormers, and the injurious appliance of the horizontal bandings, which, of course, cut up the expression of verticality? If, instead of all this, he had simply moulded the angles of his spires (something as he has done those of the four pinnacles round each belfry), they would have gained in "grace" without any diminution of "power;" for if power does not consist in a perception of simplicity, as well as in a knowledge of the complexities that may be brought to bear, we are unworthy of our critical assumption. We conceive, however, that here the architect is amenable to faults of commission as well as omission, and we appeal to his candour. Great rose windows, *vice* greater pointed windows, are a fashion with the continentals; but we will ask any reader whether he does not think a noble pointed window, of harmonising character with those of the belfries, would not have been far better than the circular thing of quatre-foil holes, and the row of little window-heads, under the main gable? The English Goths confined their rose windows to the transepts—as at Westminster, York, Lincoln, &c.—and came out in all the blaze of spacious light in their west and east fronts. Saving only in the eccentrically ostentatious front of Peterborough, they kept their portals small, though not always like the bee-hole openings in the west front of Wells. Here, however, we are rather questioning the continental fashion than Mr. Street's obedience to it, which may have been enforced. But, whatever may be the Lille requirements, we hope the English architect, in his own church, will preserve the sentiment of suiting the door something to the smallness and humility of the worshipper, and not make it ostentatiously large as the opening which is expanded for the admission of the light of truth.

The *Blackburn Congregational Chapel*, by Mr. Oliver, jun., shows the advantages of well-developed fenestration; nor can we but contrast the singleness of its nave, &c., with that complexity which, in churches of not more height, struggles for a show of aisle and clerestory to less

than no good effect. Mr. Oliver's belfry windows appear to us small; and we suspect he committed the common error of studying the elevation of his steeple geometrically in front, instead of regarding it in diagonal perspective, as shown in the view (*Building News*, 29th Jan.). He will, perhaps, admit (if the engraving be true) that a less width of tower would have been better; nor will we hesitate to submit to his future consideration the virtue of a continuousness from tower into spire, instead of placing a spire upon a tower, as in his example, where the latter (wanting only in height) is perfect without the former. He is rather meagre, too, in his buttresses; but the design altogether is favourable to his artistic pretensions, and we shall be happy to see him again.

### THE FINE ARTS—SCULPTURE.

#### THE GREAT EXHIBITION MEMORIAL.

As we stated in our last, it was originally the intention of the committee to give its decision on the 15th of February, so that the public would have known the selected work when the exhibition at the South Kensington Museum opened. We know not if that intention has been thwarted by what we are about to relate, but we fear that it is by no means unlikely. Report says, that one of the officials of the Department of Science and Art, Mr. Henry Cole, has presumed in his own person to supersede the functions of the committee which has been especially appointed to adjudicate upon the relative merits of the designs, and in the exuberance of his power has written to the Prince Consort for his opinion as to the work which ought to be chosen, and unfortunately his Royal Highness, either from want of due consideration or otherwise, has committed himself to an opinion. We also hear that the letter in reply to Mr. Cole is in the hands of the members of the committee, for no other reason of course than to influence them in the awards. Such an application to the Prince Consort without the knowledge or consent of the committee (and that is clearly the case), and such an use to be made of the reply, can only be characterised as a piece of gross impertinence. It is at once to supersede and to ignore the committee especially appointed for the purpose.

What such persons as Lord Mounteagle, Dr. Booth, Lord Goodrich, Messrs. Tite and Maclise, and others, may think of such a proceeding we do not know—to us they are placed in a most ungracious position. They have been officiously set aside, and by an official. To have the work dictated to them that they shall select, must make them pitifully small in the eyes of all considerate men.

How they will act remains to be seen; for that which has been dictated to them is *not* the work which has most votes in the committee. We have the best authority for saying this, and we strongly hope to see that work triumph in defiance of any such underhand trickery. The design selected by the Prince Consort is an obelisk, a fact which, when we remember the pyramidal form of the Albert hat, is not astonishing. The entire absence of any necessity to drag his Royal Highness into the matter—even for the purpose of gratifying that spirit of favouritism which predominates in the official mind—renders Mr. Cole's interference all the more offensive. Every artist who sent in a design did so upon the understanding that, for his work, if approved, he was only to receive one hundred pounds, and thus end the matter; for unless the higher powers—to wit, the first Commissioner of her Majesty's Works, and the Ranger of Hyde-park—gave their consent, the work would be excluded from Hyde-park altogether. It would be affectation, therefore, to say that the Prince Consort would not have abundant opportunity in that quarter, whenever he was pleased to use his influence.

Since the Feb. 15 the committee have met three times—it is difficult to divine why, unless the letter has had its influence; and now the final decision will not take place until the 15th of March.

With regard to Mr. Cole, C.B., we have but one observation to make. He is a very amiable gentleman, no doubt—indeed, in 1855 he was christened "the amiable weakness of the Paris Exhibition." Court favour and the Marlborough-house job may have made a great man of him, but the sooner he disabuses himself of the notion that he is an authority upon Art, the better both for himself and the undertakings which have the misfortune to fall within the sphere of his influence.

### ARTS AND ARTISTS.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

The photographic art strides along like a young giant. We recollect it in its swaddling clothes, when the world wondered at the infant stranger, and speculated whereunto it might grow. We have before us a Talbotype published in the *Art Union Journal* of 1846, and at that time thought to be a striking production. How spectral in comparison with those which are now poured in profusion from the portfolios of a hundred amateurs!

The exhibition of the Photographic Society at the South Kensington Museum may be taken, we presume, as showing us the best that photographers can now do. Critics twenty years hence may possibly characterise the art of the present day as being yet in its infancy; in the meantime we may be content to marvel at it, such as it now is, in all the freshness and vigour of its youth—we who have watched its growth out of nothing unto that which we now see it.

One extension of the photographic art, in a practical direction, is particularly worthy of notice. In 1854 the idea was conceived of training some of the Royal Engineers in photography, with a view to making their services useful. Two men who first received instructions were sent to the Crimea, but were unfortunately lost in the great gale which cost England so much. In 1855 some of the non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, employed at the Paris Exhibition, were instructed in photography, and, on their return, their knowledge was turned to account in making reductions of maps and plans for the Ordnance survey. By this application of the art, a sum of 30,000*l.* is stated to have been saved to the country. Some beautiful specimens of reductions effected by this process are displayed on the screens of the Kensington Exhibition. More lately, at the request of Sir John Burgoyne, several non-commissioned officers of the Engineers received instruction, and a systematic teaching has been established, so that a constant supply of skilled photographers is now maintained in the corps. The orders to officers commanding companies to which photographers are attached are, to send home periodical photographs of all works in progress, and to transmit to the War Department copies of all objects, either valuable in a professional point of view, or interesting as illustrative of history, ethnology, natural history, antiquities, &c. Photographers, with complete sets of apparatus, have already been sent to Cawnpore, the Bombay army, Canton, Greece, and the Isthmus of Panama, while others are destined for the Cape, Bermuda, and the Rocky Mountains. As specimens of what may be expected from these bands of labourers, we have here, in addition to the map-reductions, a set of interesting photographs from Moscow and Petersburg, views of Edinburgh Castle, of buildings at Aldershot, of the ruins of Halicarnassus, and views at Chatham and at Singapore.

Turning to the more artistic portion of the exhibition, and endeavouring to single out a few among the many which invite, we may note the landscape views exhibited by the London Stereoscopic Company as particularly successful. The views at Killarney (384 and 423) are marvelously beautiful. They are like momentary visions of the reality itself. With these we must class the admirable landscapes of Mr. Roger Fenton; the "Ravine in Liedr Valley" (390) is a particularly happy one. Mr. Fenton's views are chosen with the eye of an artist, and he is highly successful in obtaining fine gradations of distance. A frame (369) contains specimens of "instantaneous" photography. The objects taken are waves of the sea—the emblem of instability, though here they have been caught and fixed, and must henceforth submit to be measured and scanned, like other less fleeting objects. The time of exposure, we are told, during which these waves were standing for their likeness, varied from 1-80th to 1-150th part of a second. Young ladies will, doubtless, take the opportunity of criticising the "Bridesmaids of the Princess Royal," who are assembled in (373) into a picturesque tableau. Architecture seems to be flourishing at the other side of the earth, if we may judge from the "Royal Exchange, Sydney" (363), which appears to be a handsome and striking building.

Egyptologists may amuse themselves with the frame (326) containing such subjects as the "Entrance to the Temple of Luxor," and the "Approach to Philæ," or the "Statues of Memnon"

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(321). The application of the photographic art to the copying of hieroglyphical and other inscriptions is a very important one, and is, we believe, not neglected by archaeologists, though we do not observe any instances in the present collection. Of portraits of notabilities there is no lack. Mr. Luke Price's series of artists, in which we find Maclise, Ansdell, Stanfield, Frith, Cope, Roberts, Ward, Phillip, and Elmore, is among the best of the achievements in portraiture.

In studies of trees Mr. Thurston Thompson is pre-eminent. The frame (496) contains fine examples. Mr. Rejlander adheres to fanciful and humorous applications of the art. His "Two Ways of Life" (476) is a very singular composition; it a bold allegory, and the meaning, except in general features, not easy to trace. The "Absence of Mind" (472), and the "Boys Catching Flies" in the same frame, are capital. Mr. Rejlander seems to be peculiarly successful in finding models.

The frame (448), containing thirty-seven coloured photographs, comprises some charming miniatures, many of them coloured with the utmost success. On the whole, we hardly think colouring an improvement. In almost all cases, indeed, it effectually destroys every quality for which the untouched photograph is valuable. The process called Photo-Flemish painting shown in numbers 452, 454, 455, does not appear to produce very satisfactory results. The nicety of gradation, which alone renders multiplicity of detail agreeable, is lost.

The number of frames exhibited, many of which contain several pictures, is 705. Our readers may judge of the task which they have before them, if they contemplate visiting and seeing for themselves. The exhibition, we may mention, is open at night as well as in the day.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A FINE historical painting, representing "General Williams leaving Kars," is exhibiting at the French Gallery, Pall-mall. In this work Mr. Barker displays quite as much skill as in the companion painting so well known to the public under the title of "The Allied Generals." The portraits of the members of his staff, especially those of Dr. Sandwith and Teasdale, are excellent.—Sir Henry Ellis has resigned his directorship of the Society of Antiquaries, and Mr. Franks, of the British Museum, has been elected in his stead.—At a sale of the pictures belonging to Mr. J. C. Grundy, of Manchester, lately held by Mr. Foster, the following prices were realised for water-colour drawings:—"St. Gudale, Brussels, with the celebrated Pulpit," Louis Haghe, 36*l*. 15*s*.; "Primroses and Bird's Nest," W. Hunt, 42*l*.; "The Baron's Warning," George Cattemole, 48*l*. 6*s*.; "Scene in Glen Nevis," T. M. Richardson, 107*l*. 2*s*. The following were among the pictures sold:—"The Watering Place," landscape and brook, with figures in the foreground, fishing—showery weather, T. Linnell, 75*l*. 10*s*.; "Interior of an Irish Cabin," three figures and a dog, F. Goodall, A.R.A., 69*l*. 6*s*.; "Temple of Pestum," D. Roberts, R.A., 262*l*. 10*s*.; "Landscape and River Scene," T. Creswick, A.R.A., 85*l*. 1*s*. The day's sale brought in 3735*l*. 7*s*.—In a sale of water-colour drawings from the collection of H. Wallis, Esq., and held by the same auctioneer, the best items were: J. M. W. Turner, R.A., "Land's End, Cornwall," size 8½ inches by 5½, 49 guineas. W. Hunt, "The Stone Breakers," a vigorous drawing, from the Bernal Collection, size 16½ inches by 12, 55 guineas. Mrs. Duffield, "Flowers, Grapes, and Melon," 40 guineas. P. F. Poole, A.R.A., "Caught Napping," 80 guineas. W. Callow, "Two Views of the Grand Canal, Venice," 58 guineas. J. M. W. Turner, R.A., "Corfe Castle," size 8½ inches by 5½, 35 guineas. "Hastings Beach, with a Fish Market," this was presented by the artist to Sir Anthony Carlisle, as a mark of his gratitude for attending him during a severe illness at Hastings; size of the picture 26½ inches by 18, 205 guineas. The sixty-two drawings realised upwards of 1200*l*.—The *Builder* says:—It will be remembered that the Department of Art, deploring the want of excellence on the part of English artists in medal-die engraving, intrusted the preparation of their medal (to be presented to the successful scholars) to M. Vechte. We have just now seen the result. It takes the shape of a large medallion, of one side only, in *repoussé* work, afterwards chased on the face, and as a piece of craftsmanship is a production of great skill and beauty. Of the design, which includes figures of Genius, the Arts, Envy,

Malice, Time, and a shield for the recipient's name, scattered somewhat wildly round a medallion-head of the Queen, we may have another opportunity to speak. The electrotype process is to be resorted to for the production of the number wanted, and each will probably be mounted in a frame for suspension. [Our contemporary does not state whether "the result" justifies the slight put upon British Art by officials who show the keenest appreciation of such of our national medals as are issued from the Mint. Whatever the qualifications of the Marlborough-house gentlemen may be as judges of medals, there is no doubt that they are excellent cambists.—Ed. CRITIC.]—There is a movement on foot in favour of another Great Exhibition in 1861, and a proposition to that effect is now under the consideration of the Society of Arts. It is to be an Exhibition of Fine Art. "Why," asks the *Athenæum*, "Why not an Exhibition of Industrial Art—of every article fashioned by man's fingers, from the Transfiguration to a tin-kettle?"

The city of Bordeaux intends to adorn its public places by some new monuments. The avenue of Touray is to have an equestrian statue of Napoleon III., and statues of Montaigne and Montesquieu will be placed in the side avenues of the Terrasse des Quinconces.—At the last levee a trophy was presented from the Chinese war, in the shape of a flag or standard captured at Fatchan. We call it a flag for the want of another word, but it more resembles a closed umbrella of huge dimensions, supported on a golden stick, and surmounted by a gilt crescent. The upper part is of plain pink or salmon-coloured silk; then comes a deep band of embroidered silk, chiefly green and gold, but varied, Chinese fashion, with other colours. This is succeeded by another band, and then the border in various colours, the green and gold predominating. In the upper part, that is the division of plain silk, there are proofs positive, in the shape of two or three bullet-holes, of this standard having been in action and well into fire.—Mr. Moseley, of Buildwas-park, and Dr. Reider, his agent, have been making investigations among the ruins of Buildwas Abbey. Tradition has long asserted the existence of a subterranean passage from the building to Much Wenlock: whether tradition in this case is, as in many others, an *ignis fatuus*, yet remains to be seen; but, according to the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, an underground passage, the basement of which is at a depth of 18 feet 7 inches from the surface, and the width of which is 3 feet 4 inches, has been discovered. It is paved with Roman tiles, some of which are said to be very beautiful,—one in particular, which has a white cross upon a dark green ground. The passage runs south-east by south, and has a branch running on from a three-crowned arch to the north-west. In this passage a number of human bones have been found, also a black marble cross, two copper candlesticks, having the appearance of once being silvered, and a stiletto, with a gold pin.—A very beautiful armoury, made of ebony and cypress wood, ornamented with precious stones, being the same which was offered to Gustavus Adolphus by the city of Augsburg, in 1632, has been brought to London, and is intended as a present to the Prince Consort, by a gentleman in the literary world, to whom his Royal Highness rendered a timely service in 1854. It is said to have been brought direct from the University of Upsal.—A choice collection of English pictures of high quality, including the gallery of C. Morgan, Esq., of Clifton, was sold on Saturday sennight, by Messrs. Christie and Manson; among them were—J. Constable, R.A., "Dedham Vale," 150 *g*s.; E. M. Ward, R.A., "The South Sea Bubble," the original sketch, 70 *g*s.; Müller, "Fishing Boats on the Medway," 210 *g*s.; T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., "Highland Sheep," 135 *g*s.; J. Linnell, "The Hill Farm," 120 *g*s.; D. Roberts, R.A., "Rouen Cathedral," 350 *g*s.; "The Island of Philæ, Nubia," 420 *g*s.; Müller, "A Rustic Scene at Rainham," 230 *g*s.; C. Stanfield, R.A., "Passages to the Bidassoa," 150 *g*s.; J. Linnell, "Noon," 250 *g*s.; P. F. Poole, A.R.A., "The Mountain Toilette," 150 *g*s.; Pyne, "Buttermere, Crummock Water, and Gunnerdale," 195 *g*s.; T. Creswick, R.A., "In the Forest," 105 *g*s.; Müller "Mill on the Dolgarie, North Wales," 420 *g*s. Mr. Morgan's pictures, thirty-three in number, realised 4320*l*. There were also sold—A. Solomon, "The Awkward Position," 230 *g*s.; T. Webster, R.A., "The Dirty Boy," 360 *g*s.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

##### HANDEL'S WORKS AT HAMBURG.

Fresh studies and researches have enabled me, I believe, to resolve, in as exact a manner as possible, such doubts as remained respecting the works of Handel at Hamburg.

Handel arrived in that town in the beginning of June 1703, being then eighteen years and a-half old. Mattheson, his first biographer, says that he made his acquaintance on the 9th of June 1703, at the organ of a church.\* Mattheson, who was then a little under twenty-two years of age, already enjoyed a considerable reputation as a singer, composer, and organist. In his autobiography, which is very curious, he explains the causes, hitherto but little understood, which led to the duel between himself and Handel. It appears that the latter, during the absence of Reinhard Keiser, the principal composer of the theatre, fulfilled the office of conducting the orchestra, and in that capacity led the performances of "Cleopatra," an opera by Mattheson, in which the author himself sang the part of Antoine. From the 20th of October 1704, when the first performance took place, Mattheson went, after the suicide of the Roman general, to conduct the rest of the score, to which his friend Handel naturally took no objection. In the meantime, however, the English ambassador at Hamburg, who had engaged Handel as music-master to his son, gave the preference to Mattheson, because the young man from Halle (if we are to believe his rival) "neglected his service."† Whether he was in the right or in the wrong, Handel was dissatisfied at being dismissed, and on the 6th of December, when the last performance of "Cleopatra" took place, he refused to give up his harpsichord to Mattheson when he presented himself. From this arose the duel, the circumstances of which are well known. Mattheson's sword broke on a metal button of his adversary's coat, and the two young men were reconciled by the intervention of their friends. Nevertheless, the encounter always left a taint of bitterness at the bottom of Handel's heart. From time to time, during their long lives, Mattheson made many advances, and wrote to him several times; he praised him, moreover, in his books, and even dedicated to him one of his works on music; but the proud and susceptible man against whom he had raised his hand replied only with the coldest reserve.

A month after this adventure, on the 8th of January 1705, Handel produced his first dramatic work, "Almira, Reine de Castille," and on the 25th of the following February appeared "Nero." "Almira," although it did not have thirty consecutive performances, as Mainwaring pretends, enjoyed, according to Mattheson, considerable success. A copy of it has been recently discovered in the Royal Library at Berlin, in an old collection of manuscript music. As for "Nero," Dr. Otto Lindner (Doctor of Music) reports‡ that twelve *moreaux* are to be found in the same collection, and that they are little worthy of their author; but the learned Dr. Chrysander,§ having examined those *moreaux*, which have hitherto remained unknown, declares that they certainly are not by Handel. "Nero," therefore, seems to be entirely lost.

After "Almira" and "Nero," Handel wrote "Florindo et Daphne," which Mattheson only speaks of as two distinct works. Dr. Lindner, in his long list of operas produced at Hamburg,||

\* Georg Friedrich Handel's Lebensbeschreibung, nebst einem Verzeichnisse seiner Ausübung—Werke und deren Beurtheilung, etc. Von MATTHESON. Hamburg, 1761. (G. F. Handel's Biography, with a list of his Works, and a Criticism of them.) This notice is a translation of "Memoirs of the late G. F. Handel," published anonymously in 1760, by the Rev. John Mainwaring.

† Grundlage einer Ehren-Pforte. Von MATTHESON. Hambourg: 1740.

‡ Die erste Stehende Deutsche Opera. (Origin of the German Opera.) Berlin, 1855.

§ Dr. Chrysander is one of the most active members of the society which has been formed in Germany for publishing a complete edition of Handel's works, with the English and German texts. The first two volumes of this edition will appear in the course of the current year, published by M.M. Breitkopf and Härtel, at Leipzig. Dr. Chrysander is even now in England, collecting the materials necessary for the great German enterprise.

|| This list is very interesting, and clears up, I may observe parenthetically, another question relative to the works of Handel at Hamburg. Among those which were performed there, Mattheson speaks of an oratorio called "Judith," which he attributes to 1732: (Ehren-Pforte, p. 96.) Burney repeats merely what Mattheson says. Walker, in his "Lexicon," without knowing any more, classes this oratorio among the recognised works of the master; and Mr. John Bishop, of Cheltenham, who has made very deep and fortunate researches for his "Brief Memoir of Handel" (1856),

thus corrects what appears to be inexact in this assertion:—"Florindo rendu heureux," first part; "Daphné métamorphosée," second part. Words by Hinsch. It is observed in the preface, "the excellent music written to this poem having greatly lengthened it, it has been found necessary to divide it into two parts, for fear of wearying the public." Perhaps this justifies Mainwaring, when he only mentions "Florindo," but it does not authorise him to trench upon the prerogatives of the Gods by metamorphosing it into "Florinda." I confess that I do not know how the happiness of this Florindo can have become united to the story of Daphne, not being aware that the faithful nymph had ever any acquaintance with any Florindo whatsoever. I believe, therefore, that she has been calumniated by M. Hinsch. The date of their adventures at Hamburg is as difficult to determine. Mattheson, in his biography of Handel, attributes "Florindo et Daphne" to 1708; in his translation of Mainwaring, who leaves the date undecided, he repeats 1708, and expressly adds that this work "belongs to Hamburg." Dr. Lindner, on the other hand, fixes on 1707, without explaining upon what he founds his opinion, and (strange to relate!) his chronological list gives nothing for 1708, just as if the theatres had been shut during that year. But although Mattheson several times insists that "Handel was still in Hamburg in 1708," it is very certain that he was deceived. It is known beyond a doubt, by MSS. signed and dated in Handel's own handwriting,\* that he was at Rome and Naples during the years 1707 and 1708. In the presence of these dates, and the reiterated affirmation of Mattheson, we must suppose that the author of "Almira" wrote in 1706, before quitting Hamburg, his double German opera, the performance of which was retarded until 1708 by some unknown cause. Unfortunately nothing has been found of that "excellent music" which it had been "found necessary to divide into two parts, for fear of wearying the public."

If one must believe Mattheson, we should also have to regret "many vocal and instrumental compositions" which Handel wrote in Hamburg. "He left there," says the English biographer, "two trunks full" when he started for Italy. Mattheson adds as a note to this passage:—"To this day the people of Hamburg know nothing about these two trunks." Burney, during his journey to Germany in 1772, visited Hamburg, and it is not to be supposed that he did not search for everything concerning the author of "The Messiah;" yet he mentions no discovery. I have written upon this subject to Mr. G. Otten, the conductor of the orchestra at Hamburg, which is his native town. This is the answer which he has kindly sent:—"I have for a long time made many and the most minute searches in the library of our town. I have found there papers by Mattheson, but not one line by Handel. It is possible, though not probable, that some relic of his existed among our archives; but we must relinquish the hope of recovering any such, for our archives were destroyed by the terrible conflagration of 1842, and we saved from the flames only a part of the documents which were relative to our own history. My compatriot, the Professor Jahn, impelled by an equal love for the great Handel, has also made many searches, which have been fruitless."

This loss, supposing that the brief statement of Mattheson not to be erroneous, that of "Nero" and "Florindo et Daphne," adds still more to the interest attached to the recent discovery of "Almira." This work, which suddenly appears a hundred and fifty-two years after his entrance into the world and ninety-eight years after the death

guided by these authorities, has also placed "Judith" beside the German "Passion" of Handel. For my part, not being able to discover, either in the original MSS. or in Smith's copies, the slightest vestige of this work, I have always left its existence in doubt, and considered the simple mention which Mattheson makes of it as an error. Dr. Lindner explains the whole matter. In the year 1793 of his list, there is mentioned among the books published at the time, "Judith épouse de l'Empereur Louis le Pieux, ou l'Innocence Victorieuse," taken partly from the "Lothario" produced in London, and partly from the "Lothario" of Chellieri, produced at Vienna. The recitatives translated by Humain and composed by Telemann. The MS. score is in the Royal Library at Berlin. There is, therefore, no "Judith" by Handel, and this pretended oratorio is nothing but a German translation, more or less free, of his opera of "Lothario," produced at Hamburg under a feminine title, just as "Radamisto" and "Poro" had been formerly produced under the names of "Zenobia" and "Cleofida." All admirers of the great man will learn with satisfaction that they have not, in this instance, to mourn for a lost work.

\* See Schoeicher's "Life of Handel," pp. 18, 22.

of its author, was the first which he presented to the public.

We know, therefore, in what manner he began; we can verify whether he followed one style at Hamburg, and modified it afterwards under the influence of what he heard and learnt in Italy. Thanks to the kindness of Dr. Gervinus, the eminent professor of music at Heidelberg, and of Dr. Chrysander, I possess a copy of the precious score, and the examination which has been made of it by two very competent men permits me to say that Handel was himself from the first moment in which he took the pen. One may remark there already the energy which characterises his dramatic style and the truthful expression of his recitatives. He progressed, he grew, but he never changed. "Almira" is certainly not equal to "Rinaldo," but it belongs to the same school. Mr. Lacy, who knows all Handel's music well, has recognised, even in this work of a young man of twenty years, several things which he afterwards employed in "Roderigo," "Pastor Fido," "Parthenope," and even in the last work of his old age. Whether it was an effort of memory, or a recurrence of the same inspiration, the minut in the overture of "Time and Truth," dictated in 1759, is the same as the minut in the overture to the first act of "Almira" in 1705. It is particularly to be noted, that a piece of dance music in the third act, a saraband, furnished the movement for the delicious cantabile in "Rinaldo," "Laschia ch'io pianza." Let it also be noted, as a curiosity, that the movement in the famous "Harmonious Blacksmith," about which there has been so much dispute, is clearly and uncontestedly to be found in the ritornello of a bass air of "Almira."

Some English critics have spread about an opinion that Handel was deeply indebted to the Italians, without thinking it necessary to prove their assertion. I know not whether they have any other foundation than conjecture. Although his master, Zachau, included Italian music in his studies, it is certain that his education was entirely German. The old copybook of his youth, which Smith preserved, has nothing but the names of German masters. When he went to Hamburg they were giving there the operas of Steffani,\* which he might have taken for models. Nevertheless, Dr. Lindner says that the only master from whom he seems to have caught anything was Keiser.† For my part, and judging by what I have heard of the old Italian composers, I do not detect the slightest relationship. Handel was naturally a great melodist, but a melodist *sui generis*. Palestrina and Stradella were not less divine; but Handel had his own individuality from the beginning, and we find it as marked in the "Almira" of Hamburg, as in his subsequent productions at Venice, Rome, and Naples. Thenceforth, to the operas and oratorios of England, it is ever the same style, becoming more perfect, gaining in magnitude, yet always illumined by the same soul. He that wrote "Deeper and Deeper" in "Jephtha" in 1751 is the same that wrote "Alma del gran Pompeo" in "Giulio Cesare" in 1724. He took no model from Italy.

There are sublime geniuses, like Raphael for instance, who have submitted to influences whilst they raised to their own level that which they assimilated to themselves; there are others who, like Michael Angelo, are never anything but themselves. Handel was of the latter class. After all, a composer may sing without having been born at Rome. It is now attempted to refuse melody to the Germans, as if Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and—a long way after them, yet still of the same family—Franz Schubert, had never existed. Even at the remote era I am speaking of, the Germans possessed melodists as well as profound organists. It is, above all, for the suavity, the gracefulness, the charm of his cantables, that all who have read the works of Keiser give him the title of a man of genius. But the first opera of Keiser, "Ismene," was as far back as 1692. Mattheson says, with marked intention (in the middle of his notice of Handel): "All the compositions of Kuhnau were eminently melodious and singing, without excepting those intended for instruments." There was a great deal of attention paid to melody in Germany from the beginning of

\* Alexandre-Armande—1695. Alcibiade—1697. Roland—1696. Ata'nte—1698. Prince Henry—Alcide—1696. Lavinie et Didon—1699. † Reinhard Keiser, though little known out of Germany, is called by his compatriots "the Mozart of the first epoch of German opera." I shall strictly offer to the reader a biographical sketch of this composer.

the eighteenth century. Telemann, a voluminous composer, born at Leipsick, whilst they were very young performed together many exercises in melody. Moreover, it would be surprising if the pupil of Zachau were inspired by Italian music, for he gave it very little credit; as witness this very significant passage in Mainwaring:—"At the time that 'Almeria' and 'Florinda' were performed, there were many persons of note at Hamburg, among whom was the Prince of Tuscany, brother to John Gaston de Medicis, Grand Duke. The Prince was a great lover of the art for which his country is so renowned. He frequently discoursed with Handel on the state of music in general, and on the merits of composers, singers, and performers in particular. The Prince would often lament that Handel was not acquainted with those of Italy, and showed him a large collection of Italian music. Handel plainly confessed that he could see nothing in it which answered the high character his highness had given it. On the contrary, he thought it so very indifferent, that the singers, he said, must be angels to recommend it. The Prince smiled at the severity of his censure, and assured him that there was no country in which a young proficient could spend his time to so much advantage, or in which every branch of his profession was cultivated with so much care. Handel replied, that if it was so, he was much at a loss to conceive how such great culture should be followed by so little fruit." It is very difficult to believe that Mainwaring invented this long digression. He evinced no personal prejudice against Italian music, and he only knew the early works of Handel through Smith. It is evident that the latter furnished him with notes, and there is great reason to believe that these particulars, which are very precise, were gathered from the lips of the master. If, then, Handel spoke so of a school in which Palestrina, Stradella, or Carissimi had shone, it must have been because he did not then know those great men.

Judge what "Florindo et Daphne" must have been, when it was found necessary to cut it in half. "Almira," left to itself, does not contain less than fifty-two airs, four accompanied recitatives, three duets, and nine choruses; beside the recitatives, which are very long, two overtures, a symphony, and nine pieces of dance music. It is a German opera, but we find in it fourteen Italian airs scattered among the different parts. Young Handel here only followed an inexplicable custom established at Hamburg. Dr. Lindner specifies a number of works by Keiser, Telemann and others, which were produced both before and after "Almira," in which the same absurdity was committed. When the first Ultramontane artists arrived in England, as they could not speak a word of the language of the country, they sang their parts in Italian even in English pieces, receiving the replies in English. This was odd enough; nevertheless, the habit having arisen, we can understand that the audience admitted it; but it is impossible to understand the ridiculous fancy of mixing two languages in the same part.

I cannot quit the subject of Handel's German operas without remarking that the poets of Hamburg left upon the composers the entire onus of interesting the public. Dr. Lindner quotes several passages from their libretti, of which the triviality is something incredible. In the "Cleopatra," which was set to music by Mattheson, at the moment when the Egyptian queen is about to give up the ghost, Decresceus advises a certain medical treatment for her relief in case she were not quite dead. Cleopatra was by Feustking, to whom literature is also indebted for "Almira" and "Nero." In "Emma et Engelhardt," the words by Wend, and the music by Keiser, there is a prologue in which "the faithful opera of Hamburg" explains to "his sweetheart, the public," that he has done his best to please, and the sweetheart must have been in a bad temper truly if she had not applauded the efforts of her faithful opera. Engelhardt sends a love-letter to Emma on the A B C principle—as thus:

Ange de mon cœur,  
Baume de ma douleur,  
Chef-d'œuvre de la création,  
Dame toute parfaite,

And soon down to Z Emma replies:

I shall not be easy 'till I have seen you:  
Come this evening at nine o'clock,  
My wishes will wed your hopes.  
Adieu! I shut my letter and open my door.

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Wend, music by Telemaner, Diogenes, vexed by a rebuff from Alexander, retires to his tub to smoke a pipe there, singing that he cares not for kings or crowns. The pipe of Diogenes is, however, no worse than the painter's pistol at Abraham's sacrifice.

It is generally believed that French literature, which was seized, about twenty years ago, with an attack of frenzy, fabricated the most monstrous monstrosities; but the opera of Hamburg, a century and a half ago, went far beyond it. In "Störtebecker" and "Gödge Michel," the music by the melodious Keiser and the author of the songs Hotter, the subject is thus exposed:—"Benevolent spectator, until now you have had presented to you upon the stage either histories or pagan fables, either the adventures of great potentates, or of personages sometimes very insignificant. To-day, in sooth, it is but two bandits who will take the liberty of showing you their manner of life and of acting; but as a recompense you shall have the advantage of seeing heads really cut off, instead of seeing them only in imagination through the relation of a messenger." And the promises of the prologue was kept, for bullocks blood was shed in torrents during the performance, and at the *finale* one of the bandits sang upon the scaffold, "If my tongue knew not to swear I would bite it out of my throat, and would try to swear with my throat empty." Surely this is a prophesy of the elegant modern ditty, "Sam Hall." Even in matters of this kind, there is nothing new under the sun.

VICTOR SCHÖLCHER.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT

THE extra performances at Her Majesty's Theatre terminated on Saturday, and preparations are now being made for the commencement of the spring campaign at the usual period. It is intended to inaugurate the new season by the production of "The Huguenots," in which a Viennese *prima donna* of distinction, Frl. Tietjens, is to make her *debut* as Valentine. Report speaks highly of the ability of the vocalist, who is said to possess both artistic experience and natural accomplishments.—With reference to an appeal to the public on behalf of the family of the late Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Robert Riviere, the brother of Lady Bishop, states that all the children have not been left in extreme want. The children of the second marriage were sufficiently provided for by the subscriptions after Sir Henry's death, in 1855. The son who died lately was by a former marriage, and was a clerk in the office of Sir R. W. Carden, the present Lord Mayor of London. As the confidential clerk of so influential a personage it is strange that he should have left a family destitute.—A correspondent of the *Times* writes on the subject of "Louis XI."—"Sir, Honour to whom honour is due. I venture to regret that in your excellent remarks on 'Louis XI.' as represented at the Princess's, you should seem to attribute to M. Casimir Delavigne alone a character, for which, to a great extent certainly, he was indebted to *Quentin Durward*."—The prospectus of Mr. Benedict's new Vocal Association has been published. President, the Earl of Westmoreland. Among the honorary members we find the names of the Goldschmidts and Messrs Macfarren, Smart, and Charles Horsley. Mr. Benedict will conduct. The opening subscription concerts will be given in the new St. James's Hall, commencing on the 7th of April, and each programme will consist of unaccompanied choruses, part songs, madrigals, &c. &c.—A statement which has appeared in several journals of the death of Madame Frezzolini, the singer, is contradicted on authority. She is now, it states, singing at Havannah with great success.—The *Athenæum* says that, among other foreign musicians already in London—to spend the season—is Signor Liguoro, with sundry manuscript compositions, which are well spoken of by those who should know.—It is said that Madame Grisi and M. Jullien have parted "not in concord."—The Marylebone Theatre has been sold this week at the "reserved price" of 7000l.—Mdlle. Augustine Brohan, of the Théâtre Français at Paris, has been appointed Professor of Dramatic Declamation at the Conservatoire of that city, in the room of the late Mdlle. Rachel.—Mdlle. Artot, a Belgian songstress, has just made her *debut* at the Grand Opéra at Paris successfully. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, sweet and pure, and it has been carefully cultivated. She is extremely young, and is consequently quite unversed in stage business. Yet the manage-

ment of the Opera somewhat strangely made her *debut* in Fides in the "Prophète."—Ira Aldridge, the American coloured actor, is now playing at Pesh, and drawing crowded houses.—It is stated that Alexander Dumas the elder is about to produce an original drama in five acts at Marseilles.—In the course of the past year, 231 new pieces were produced at the Parisian theatres; they were the work of 199 authors and 39 musical composers.—The actress who will appear at the Haymarket Theatre, under the name of Mrs. Dale, is, we believe, the widow of the late Sergeant Wilkins.—According to the *Hereford Times*, there will be a musical festival in that town in the autumn. There has been a difficulty, but it has been got over.—It is reported that the New Philharmonic Society will be re-constructed.—A mass was sung last week at the Madeline, in memory of Lablache. Mozart's "Requiem" was performed, and the solo parts were sung by Grisi, Alboni, and Mario.—It is said that Rachel was very jealous of Ristori, who drew around her some of the Jewish girl's old admirers. A letter-writer said: "Many of Rachel's old friends have deserted her on account of her want of generosity, her unrelaxing selfishness. Whereas Madame Ristori is generosity itself; a true Southerner—her hand and purse are always open when a good deed is to be done. Then, when Mdlle. Rachel played, Madame Ristori hastened to see her, took a box of the first tier, and, in the face of the audience, applauded her with enthusiasm—while Mdlle. Rachel, when she went to see Ristori, stole to an obscure *baignoire*, where, unseen, unapplauding, unmoved, she listened, she looked, as a spy came to discover, to filch her rival's secrets."—*Figaro*.

#### LITERARY NEWS.

ON Wednesday, the annual meeting of the governors of the University College was held in the lower theatre of the college. From the secretary's report it appeared the students in the faculty of medicine were 210; those in laws and acts, with the schoolmasters' class, 250; and pupils in the school, 390; making a total of 850 students. The degrees conferred on the candidates during the year were—M.D., 7; M.A., 2; LL.B., 5; M.B., 8; and A.B., 30. Signor Arrevalene has been appointed Professor of Italian in the place of Signor Gallanga.—The *Brighton Gazette* states that Dr. Livingstone was present at the marriage of the Rev. Robert Moffatt (son of the celebrated missionary of that name) to Miss Emily Unwin, daughter of Mr. J. S. Unwin, at the Rev. J. N. Gaulty's Chapel, in Union-street. Dr. Livingstone is brother-in-law to the bridegroom. The bride and bridegroom leave England shortly for the Matabele country.—On Tuesday Dr. Livingstone delivered an address in the Friends' Meeting-house, Ackworth. Having given an interesting account of his travels, a discussion took place, in which Mr. Backhouse, the eminent traveller, and Mr. Pease, of Darlington, took part.—The Rev. Mr. Gleig, the Chaplain-general to the Army, is editing an English edition of "Brialmont's Life of the Duke of Wellington."—There are now two female reporters employed in the Congress at Washington, Miss Fanning and Miss White, the former for the *Charleston Courier*, and the latter for the *Boston Post*.—The *Univers* urges the Emperor to Catholicise England, which, it says, "thrusts its Bibles and its calico into every corner of the earth."—Alphonse Karr sends word to the Paris papers from Nice, where he has turned *bonâ fide* market gardener and nursery seedsman, that he supplies roses, camellias, green peas, oranges of his own growing, and every article in the trade, at rational prices, his shop being at Lemoine Rue de Capucines.—On Wednesday evening an excellent lecture was delivered at the Yorkshire Museum, York, by P. O'Callaghan, Esq., of Cookridge-hall, near Leeds, "On Autographs and their connection with History."—At the annual meeting of the members of the York Railway Literary and Reading-room, it was shown that that institution is in a flourishing condition. During the past six months it has added 146 volumes.—On Tuesday evening, at the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, the Rev. Edward Trollope, M.A., F.S.A., read a highly interesting paper on the "Captivity of John, King of France, in England."—A Paris correspondent says:—The husband of the daughter of England being obliged, as all the Prussian

princes have been, to work at a mechanical trade, has been long a capital hand at case, selecting to be a compositor.—With reference to the "new Latin historian," the *Athenæum* explains:—A curious and interesting volume has appeared at Berlin, "Gai Grani Liciniani Annalium quæ supersunt, ex codice ter scripto Musei Britannici Londinensis nunc primum edidit K. A. F. Pertz." It is the first edition of the annals, or rather of the fragments of the annals, of an early Roman historian, Granius Licinianus, who appears to have flourished before Livy and after Sallust. Among the Syriac manuscripts acquired by the British Museum in 1847 from the Convent of Nitria, near Cairo, were at least three palimpsests, which follow one another in the catalogue, of which No. 17210 is described as containing a portion of Homer, and No. 17211 of St. Luke, while No. 17212 is described as a palimpsest merely. It appears that this volume is in reality a double palimpsest containing two Latin authors, who have been successively erased to make room for a Syriac version of some of the homilies of St. Chrysostom. When in 1853 Dr. George Henry Pertz, the principal librarian at Berlin, was making some researches at the British Museum, Dr. Paul Böttcher, who was then examining the Syriac manuscripts, called his attention to this palimpsest, in which he deciphered the words "Sullani Capitolium," and "Sacerdotio Martis," which led him to suspect that the annals of a Roman historian lay interred beneath. Further progress was impossible, except by the aid of chemical agents, to use which it was necessary to have permission from the trustees of the Museum; and this, in 1855, Dr. Pertz, on again coming to England, applied for and obtained. By these means he then succeeded in ten days in making out the greatest part of two pages and a portion of a third, when he resigned the task to his son, who completed it in 1857. The whole that has been deciphered amounts to twenty-four pages, but the editor considers that more might be obtained by the use of more powerful chemical agents, which would, however, destroy the manuscript. Dr. Pertz complains bitterly of the obstacles opposed to his enterprise by the London atmosphere.—At the last meeting of the Society of Arts an interesting paper was read on "Zealand and its Resources," by Mr. William Stones. The lecturer traced the early history of the colony, and then gave an account of the natural productions of New Zealand, and the agricultural capabilities of the colony, alluding especially to the *Phormium* Tenax, or New Zealand flax. We believe that there is a gentleman now residing in this country who has a patent for using this invaluable vegetable for textile fabrics and the manufacture of paper. Could not those who are interested in having cheap paper take this subject up? We can give further information on the subject, if necessary.—Dr. Cogswell, the librarian of the Astor Library, New York, has just completed his second volume of a Catalogue that bids fair to precede in importance and general value anything that has been attempted in America. The plan of the work contemplates 8 vols. 8vo.; and when completed it will form a record of literary treasures surpassed by few European collections, and a monument to the industry and ability of its librarian.—The *American Publishers' Circular* says that Mr. Parton, the biographer of Aaron Burr, is understood to be engaged in preparing a life of General Andrew Jackson, for which he obtained much new material while writing the life of the great "conspirator." Mr. Parton entertains the theory that Jackson owed his elevation to the Presidency to the secret suggestions and aid of Burr.—The same publication states that William E. Burton, comedian, intends, it is said, to bring out an original "Comic Annual," by American writers, printed and illustrated in the most elegant manner. Burton, who is a very competent judge of the matter, says our country is abundant in writers and material of wit and humour, if one could only get the funny dogs to do their best.—A privately printed volume of Biographical Notes and Testimonials relating to the late Sir William Molesworth has been circulated amongst the deceased baronet's friends.—Since the 14th Jan., eleven Legitimist, five Orleanist, and ten Republican journals have been suppressed in France and the provinces.—The first volume of the Collection of Correspondence of Napoleon the First, arranged under the Imperial sanction, will shortly appear. It is said

that the Emperor himself has revised the proofs. —The library of the Oriental scholar, M. Etienne Quatremère, has been purchased by the King of Bavaria for something over 12,000l. It consists of 45,000 volumes, and is to be added to the Royal Library at Munich, already the largest collection of books, we believe, in the world. —At the sale of Lord Alvanley's library by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, the following were among the more important items:—Bible, printed by Barker (1613), 27l.; Bible, printed at Cambridge in 1659, with the Prayer-Book of 1669, in 2 vols (a present from Bishop Crewe to his Godson, Devereux Knightley, in 1681), 55l.; Book of Common Prayer, first edition, printed by Whitchurch (7 Marche, 1549), with the Prayer-Book of Queen Elizabeth (1596) and of James the First (1607), 87l.; a splendid series of Dr. Dibdin's publications, 139l. 5s.; Deuchar's Etchings, 14l. 10s.; Dugdale's Warwickshire, with Continuation, by W. Thomas, 20l. 10s.; Hutchinson's Cumberland, 16l. 5s.; Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, 3 vols., 62l.; Houbraken's Heads, 16l. 10s.; Ormerod's Cheshire, large paper, 48l.; Parliament of 3 Henry VIII., an important heraldic roll, above eighteen feet in length, representing a walking procession of Henry the Eighth and his Peers in their robes, 32l.; Somers's Tracts, 16l. 10s.; Strutt's Works, 42l. 0s. 6d.; Surtees's Durham, 18l. 5s.; Whitaker's Richmondshire, large paper, 16l. Some of the early pamphlets fetched high prices. The total amount of the sale was 2198l. 2s.

### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

**DRURY-LANE THEATRE.**—Mr. James Anderson, Miss Elsworthy. —*Clouds and Sunshine*, a drama by Mr. James Anderson.

**HAYMARKET.**—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

**PRINCESS'S.**—*Louis the Eleventh*.

**LYCEUM.**—*Macbeth*.—Miss Helen Faucit.

MR. JAMES ANDERSON is welcome back again to Drury-lane, where the theatre-goers remember him as manager some six years ago. Miss Elsworthy is welcome too. Those who saw her at the St. James's Theatre will remember her as a *débutante* of promise; and now that she visits us again, having spent some time in voluntary expatriation at the East-end of London, the great progress which is evident shows how hard and conscientiously she must have laboured to fulfil the promise. "*Clouds and Sunshine*," which is incorrectly described in the bill as "an original drama, by Mr. Anderson," is really taken from the opening part of Eugène Sue's very unattractive novel, "*La Vie de Koat-Ven*." That very unpleasant story was, I believe, dramatised in France, and a version (as I am informed) has even been produced at the Britannia Theatre, where highly-spiced dishes of that kind are greatly appreciated. The *literature* of Mr. Anderson's version is not very remarkable, and the disagreeable catastrophe in M. Sue's novel is exchanged for a happier *dénouement*. Still, it is not likely to win much favour in the West-end, and the sooner Mr. Anderson and Miss Elsworthy try something else the better. The piece is creditably played, and Miss Elsworthy deserves especial praise for the dignified and graceful manner in which she filled the very difficult part of the Duchess of Nairne. Mr. Roxby, too, in a sort of "*Corsican Brothers*," duel, proved that he is a good fencer as well as a good actor.

I have already said something about the version of "*Much Ado about Nothing*," when it was produced at the Haymarket, with nearly the same company, during Mrs. Sinclair's visit. The cast is no better now than it was then, nor is Miss Sedgwick's rendering of Beatrice superior to that of the American lady. It is affected (prettily so, if you will), but anything but Shaksperian. The self-consciousness which was so objectionable in Mr. Compton's impersonation of Dogberry is still uncorrected.

Mr. Kean, greatly to the delight of his sincere admirers (of whom, within proper limits, I am one), has returned to a part in which he is really great. His impersonation of the morose, weak, and wily tyrant of Plessis les Tours is really a great piece of acting,—absolutely perfect. How Scott would have been delighted to see his creation—for it is *his*, and not M. Delavigne's—realised in so splendid a manner!

They are playing "*Macbeth*" at the Lyceum, and well too; yet, somehow or other, the public does not appear to be very rapturous about it. Miss Faucit is admirable, and Mr.

Dillon plays the weak-minded Thane with care and judgment.

Amongst the many distinguished visitors who have recently honoured Professor Frikell by attending his entertainment, are—The Siamese Ambassadors and a numerous suite, the Persian Ambassador and suite, the Duchess of Sutherland and family, the Duchess of Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Manchester, the Marchioness of Stafford, the Marquis of Ailsa, the Countess of Shaftesbury, Earl and Countess of Spencer, Earl of Lincoln, Earl of Strathmore, Countess Persigny, Lord Blantyre and family, Lady Jocelyn, Lord and Lady Overstone and party, Lady Chewton, Lord Godolphin, Lord Burghersh, Lady Eastlake, Lord Methuen, Lady Peel, Lord Chelsea, Lady Ann Beckett, Lord Elcho, Lady Charles Wellesley, Lady C. Egerton, Lady Boyle, Lord Lincoln, Lady Trelawney, Countess of Waldegrave, Lord Sefton, Lady Shelley, Lord De la Warr, Lady Raglan, Lord G. Lennox, Lord Exmouth, Lady Monierieff, Lady Chantry, Lady Hilsop, Sir Archibald and Lady MacLean, Sir Ralph and Lady Howard, Baron Meyer de Rothschild, Miss Burdett Coutts, Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress and family, the Marquis of Aylesbury.

### OBITUARY.

Tooze, Thomas, Esq., F.R.S., aged 84, at his residence, 31, Spring-gardens, after a few weeks' illness, Feb. 26.

### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Allison's History of Europe from 1815, Vol. VII., 8vo. 15s. cl.  
Armstrong on Church Penitentiaries, edited by Carter, 2s. 6d. cl.  
Barnes's Seafaring Organ, with Dances by Street, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Barnes's Public Statutes. Session 1—20 & 21 Vict. 1857, cr. 8vo. 7s.  
Bohn's Illust. Lib.: Lindsay's Letters on Egypt, &c., 4s. cl.  
Bohn's Scientific Lib.: Mantell's Wonders of Geology, Vol. II. 7s. 6d.  
Boyle's Series of Lectures on the Lord's Prayer, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Bryce on the Mechanical Treatment of Deformities, Part I. 4s. cl.  
Candlish's Life in a Biscuit Navy, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Chambers's Comfort in Sleepless Nights, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Chambers's Recollections of West End Life, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21s. cl.  
Clerical Directory, a Biographical and Statistical Book of Reference for Facts relating to the Clergy and the Church, 4to. 12s. cl.  
Coke's A Will and a Way, 2 vols., post 8vo. 21s. cl.  
Combe's Notes on the U.S. of North America, 3 vols. 7s. 6d. swd.  
Dillon's Old Maid of the Sea, 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.  
Dick Haselick, a Merchant Clerk, cr. 8vo. 1s. 8d. cl.  
Dickens's Works, Library Edition: Nicholas Nickleby, Vol. I. 6s.  
Digby's Children's Bower, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Dietrich's Switzerland, the Pioneer of the Reformation, 2 vols. 21s.  
Frazer's Rational Philosophy, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Gibson's Family Devotion, fcp. 8vo. 2s. cl.  
Giles's Keys to the Classics: The Andria of Terence, 1s. 6d.; Homer's Odyssey, 1s. 6d.; The Gospel according to St. Mark, 2s. 6d. swd.  
Gleig's Essays, Biographical, Historical, and Miscellaneous, 21s.  
Hammond's (Capt. M. M.) Memoir, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Hatchard's (Adelaide C.) Memoir: The Flowers Gathered, 1s. 6d.  
Hatchard's Signs of the Second Advent of our Blessed Lord, 5s. cl.  
Havelock, Memoirs of, by Grant, cr. 8vo. 1s. cl. swd.  
Havelock: The Broad Stone of Honour, by Hood, 18mo. 1s. cl. gilt.  
Hubback's The Stage and the Company, 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.  
Jones's Psychology and Philosophy of Body, Sense, Mind, &c., 6d.  
Library of Old Authors: Lilly, with Notes by Falholt, 2 vols. 10s.  
Macaulay's History of England, Vol. IV., cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Macquieson on Divorce and Matrimonial Jurisdiction, 10s. 6d. cl.  
Parl. Lib.: Helms of Haughton, by Author of "E. Wyndham," 2s.  
Railway Library: Bury's The Divorce, 1s. 6d.  
Sunbeams for all Seasons, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Tanner on Diseases of Infancy and Childhood, post 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Van Tempel's Milla, a Journey in Mexico, edited by Bell, 18s.  
What you Will, cr. 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Williams's Essays on Various Subjects, 8vo. 16s. cl.  
Winslow's Honouring God, and its Reward, 18mo. 1s. cl. swd.

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—*Clerical Journal*, Oct. 22, 1857.

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12 Dessert Spoons	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 0 0	2 10 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 18 0	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 18 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	0 15 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 0 0	0 11 0	0 13 6	0 16 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 6
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 2 0	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 6	0 5 0	0 7 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	0 1 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 6	0 5 0	0 7 0	0 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 17 6	1 0 0	1 18 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 6 6
Total	11 14 6	14 11 3	17 14 9	21 4 9

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